

# The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

No. 141.—Vol. VI.

New York, October 5, 1867.

Price \$6 a Year, in Advance.  
\$3 50 for Six Months.  
Single Copies, 15 Cents.

## Contents of No. CXL.

Negro Suffrage, . . . . .	233	Alec Forbes, . . . . .	230
The Era of the Incompetents, . . . . .	233	Called to Account, . . . . .	230
Financial, . . . . .	234	Elsie's Married Life, . . . . .	231
Mr. Gorilla or Mr. Baboon, . . . . .	234	Leslie Tyrrell, . . . . .	231
L'Opéra Bouffe, . . . . .	235	Legons de Littérature Française Clas- sique, . . . . .	231
The Fall Opening, . . . . .	235	Boswell's Life of Johnson, . . . . .	231
The Hudson in Autumn, . . . . .	235	The Progressive Table Book, . . . . .	231
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:		BOOKS RECEIVED, . . . . .	231
Letter from Mr. E. S. Gould, . . . . .	237	LITERARIANA, . . . . .	231
Four Letters from Subscribers, . . . . .	237	NOTES AND QUERIES, . . . . .	232
REVIEWS:			
The Queen's Book, . . . . .	238		
Quakers, . . . . .	239		

## HOWARD & CO.,

619 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

HAVE JUST OPENED A LARGE INVOICE OF  
**FINE ENGLISH SILK UMBRELLAS,**  
INCLUDING SUN UMBRELLAS AND FIVE SIZES OF RAIN UMBRELLAS.

They have also received a new assortment of

**Double Smelling-Bottles and Vinaigrettes,**

WITH PLACE FOR MONOGRAM ON EACH END.

**HOWARD & CO., Jewellers and Silversmiths,**  
619 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The Editor of a Weekly London Paper, who contributes to a first-class London Daily and other Journals, Political and Literary, would be glad to accept an engagement as London Correspondent to an American Paper. Address A. K. ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59 Fleet Street, London, E. C.

**Prof. G. J. Adler, of New York, offers to re-**  
peat his lectures on "Goethe's Faust" (either two or six). Please address to 445 Broadway.

**Wanted.**—An educated man of good social address and culture wants a position as secretary or companion or tutor to some party who is going to travel in Europe.  
Address AMERICAN LITERARY BUREAU, 132 Nassau St., N. Y.

## EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

THREE MILES WEST OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.

The location of this institution is peculiarly healthy and beautiful, commanding a fine view of the cities of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria.

The Twenty-eighth Session begins on the 25th of September, 1867, with the following instructors:

REV. WM. F. GARDNER, University of Virginia, Rector.  
JAMES M. GARNETT, M.A., University of Virginia.  
W. PINCKNEY MASON, U. S. Naval Academy.

TERMS: \$300 per school year, with no extra charges.  
For further information address the Rector,

**REV. WILLIAM F. GARDNER,**  
Theological Seminary Post-Office, Fairfax County, Va.

## Cottage Hill Seminary, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

AN ENGLISH AND FRENCH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.  
Very Select. Delightfully situated, and affording unusual advantages for a solid and elegant education. For the Prospectus, address, early, the REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, A.M., Rector.

## "AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE."

FOUNDED 1855.

Is a Reliable Educational Bureau

For supplying Schools and Families with Teachers,  
For representing Teachers who seek positions,  
For giving Parents information of good Schools.

Testimony from Rev. Eben S. Stearns, Principal of Albany Female Academy, N. Y.

"I have tried the 'AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE,' and regard it as a most desirable medium for supplying our schools and seminaries with the best teachers, and for representing well-qualified teachers who wish employment. All who are seeking teachers will find a wide range from which to select, with an assurance that in stating character and qualifications there is no 'humbug,' and there can be no mistake. Teachers will find situations for which they may otherwise seek in vain. The highly respectable character of those who conduct the 'INSTITUTE' affords sufficient guarantee of fair dealing, and of kind and polite treatment to all."

Circulars explaining plan and terms sent when applied for.

**J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A.M., Actuary,**  
340 Broome St., one block East of Broadway, New York.

ROBERT SEWELL. JAMES F. PIERCE.

## SEWELL & PIERCE,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW,  
62 Broadway and 21 New Street, New York.

Messrs. SEWELL & PIERCE practise in all the Courts of the State of New York and of the United States, and give particular attention to the management of Estates, Investment of Money, Conveyancing, Organization of Companies, etc., etc., etc.

## WANTED.—AGENTS.

\$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock-Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from \$75 to \$200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address

## SECOMB & CO.,

Cleveland, Ohio.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

READY THIS DAY.

RIVERSIDE DICKENS.

## OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

AND

## PART I. SKETCHES.

2 vols., cloth, price \$2 50 per vol.

**HURD & HOUGHTON, Publishers,**

459 Broome Street, New York.

## PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

## EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Have just received an extensive variety of their well-known Standard Editions of the Bible, American Episcopal Prayer-Books and Church Services, in all sizes of Type and of entirely new patterns, for the Fall Trade, which they now offer for sale at the lowest importing prices.

## LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE,

626 Broadway, New York.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!—PUBLISHED TO-DAY!

One of the most magnificent Illustrated Family Magazines ever published in America, on an entirely new and novel plan, entitled  
"Scott's Journal of Useful Information for the People."

By Professor J. WALTER SCOTT. Terms, only \$1 per year.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., 121 Nassau Street, N. Y.;  
NEW YORK NEWS CO., 8 Spruce Street, N. Y.

## Rare, Curious, and Useful Books

In Old English Literature, Bibliography, Facsimile, etc., etc. Priced Catalogue, just issued, sent free to any address. D. G. FRANCIS, Bookseller, 503 Broadway.

CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

## LEAVITT, STREBEICH & CO.,

Book Trade Sale and Auction Rooms,  
CLINTON HALL (ASTOR PLACE AND EIGHTH STREET),

For the Sale by Auction of Books, Autographs, Coins and Medals, Works of Art, Pictures, etc.

The location and commodious arrangement of the Trade Sale Rooms render them unequalled for their purpose. Parties wishing to dispose of Libraries during the approaching season should make early application.

**LEAVITT, STREBEICH & CO.**

## WIDDLETON, Publisher.

GOULD'S GOOD ENGLISH.

## GOOD ENGLISH; or, POPULAR ERRORS IN LANGUAGE.

By EDWARD S. GOULD, Author of Abridgement of Alison's Europe, etc. A handsome 12mo vol., price \$1 50.

"Mr. Gould has confined himself to the exposure and analysis of such errors as are familiar to and in common use by every one. The reader will be surprised to find how many have crept into the language and received the sanction of the usage of good writers, and how incorrect are many words and expressions that everybody seems to suppose are unquestionably good English. Such a work is very much needed, and a careful study and following of its suggestions would lead to a general improvement in the style of all writers and speakers of the language."

CONINGTON'S ÆNEID.

## THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL,

Translated into English verse (Scott's Ballad Metre). By John Conington, M.A., Latin Professor in the University of Oxford. An elegant library edition, in large, clear type, handsomely printed on toned paper. One volume crown 8vo, bevelled boards, uncut, \$2 50; half calf, \$4.

"It was reserved for Mr. Conington to give us a thoroughly English phrase of poetry which has all the vigor as well as the sense of Virgil."—Blackwood's Magazine.

DISRAELI'S WORKS.

NEW AND ELEGANT LIBRARY EDITIONS.

## THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

By ISAAC DISRAELI. With a View of the Life of the Author, by his Son. In 4 vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra (in box), \$9.

## AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.

CONSISTING OF SKETCHES AND CHARACTERS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By ISAAC DISRAELI. Edited by his Son, the Right Hon. B. DISRAELI. In 2 vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, \$4 50.

These are admitted to be the most beautiful editions of Disraeli ever published, and have given a new enthusiasm to his most remarkable works. The varied learning and research of the author are proverbial; and the unique titles convey a good idea of the value and interest of the books.

For Sale at the Principal Bookstores, and mailed by Publisher on receipt of price.

**WIDDLETON, Publisher,**

17 Mercer Street, New York.

## THE ROUND TABLE

FOR SALE BY

**GEO. B. ROYS,**

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,

823 Broadway, New York, near Twelfth Street.

N.B. The New Boxes of Paper and Envelopes in the same box, 4 quires and 4 packs of the best quality of French Paper, the large check and usual thickness, for \$2; extra thick (10 kilograms), \$2 50. Stamped plain or in colors on the premises at short notice. No charge for plain stamping. Sent to order. The express charge (a few dimes) to be paid on delivery outside the city. Delivered free in any part of the city.

## NEW BOOKS.

## GEORGE ROUTLEDGE &amp; SONS

HAVE NOW READY:

New editions of  
THE BROWN PAPERS.

By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY. Reprinted from Fun. In which Mrs. Brown relates her visit to and her opinions—freely expressed—on The Royal Academy, The Derby, The Opera, The Dramatic Fête, The Franchise, The Old Bailey, The Emperor of the French, Domestic Servants, Housekeeping, The County Court, Society, Neighborly Visits. 12mo, sewed, with fancy cover, 50 cents.

New edition of  
MRS. BROWN'S VISIT TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, author of The Brown Papers. In which Mrs. Brown records her Views and Experiences of the People she met and the Places she Visited, her Haps and Mishaps, and her true Cockney disgust at Mossoo's failings in the English Language.

In 2 vols, demy 8vo, extra cloth, \$12.

## LIVES OF INDIAN OFFICERS:

Illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Services of British India. Including Biographical Sketches of Lord Cornwallis, Sir John Malcolm, The Honorable Mountstuart Elphinstone, The Rev. Henry Martyn, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Sir Alexander Burnes, Captain Arthur Conolly, Major Eldred Pottinger, Major D'Arcy Todd, Sir Henry Lawrence, General James Neill, and Brigadier-General John Nicholson. By JOHN WILLIAM KATE, author of The History of the War in Afghanistan, The History of the Sepoy War, etc.

The cheapest edition issued of

## BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

Comprising a series of Epistolary Correspondence and Conversations with many Eminent Persons, and various Original Pieces of his Composition, with a chronological account of his Studies and numerous Works; the whole exhibiting a view of Literature and Literary Men in Great Britain for nearly half a century. New edition with illustrations, 526 crown 8vo pages, beautifully printed on fine toned paper, and handsomely bound in cloth, price \$1 75.

In imperial 8vo, extra cloth, price \$10.

## THE SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST IN CANADA;

OR, NOTES ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE GAME, GAME-BIRDS, AND FISH OF THAT COUNTRY.

By MAJOR W. ROSE KING. With six beautiful chromo-lithographs and numerous wood engravings.

New Book by the author of Papers for Thoughtful Girls.

## THE DIAMOND ROSE:

A LIFE OF LOVE AND DUTY.

By SARAH TYTLER, author of Citoyenne Jacqueline, Papers for Thoughtful Girls, etc. Crown 8vo, extra cloth, gilt edges, price \$2.

An elegant gift-book for young ladies.

New edition.

## GOD'S GLORY IN THE HEAVENS:

A HAND-BOOK OF POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

By WILLIAM LEITCH, D.D., late Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, Queen's College, Canada. With 12 plates and numerous wood engravings, crown 8vo, cloth, \$2 25.

Elegantly produced.

## THE PLEASURES OF OLD AGE.

From the French of EMILE SOUVESTRE. Crown 8vo, green vellum cloth, gilt edges, price \$2.

"Unlike so many romance writers of his country, SOUVESTRE was filled from an early age with the desire not of amusing only, but of purifying and elevating his fellow-creatures."—The Preface.

Dr. Vaughn's New Book.

## VOICES OF THE PROPHETS ON FAITH, PRAYER, AND HUMAN LIFE.

By C. J. VAUGHN, D.D., author of Christ the Light of the World, etc. Small 8vo, cloth, price \$1 50.

New and cheaper edition of

## OUTLINES OF THEOLOGY.

By the late ALEXANDER VINET, author of Vital Christianity, etc. In post 8vo, cloth, price \$3.

New edition in crown 8vo, price \$2.

## CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

From the Text and with the Notes and Glossary of THOMAS YEREWITT. Illustrated by Corbould.

Second edition now ready of

## THE BROADWAY,

No. 1, FOR SEPTEMBER.

CONTAINING

1. BRAKESPEARE; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A FREE-LANCE. By the author of Guy Livingstone (with a full-page illustration by G. A. Pasquier).

CHAPTER I. Twenty Years Back.

" II. Matched, not Mated.

" III. The Working of the Rescript.

" IV. The Breeding of the Bastard.

" V. Ann Hagarene.

2. CHARMIAN. By Robert Buchanan.

3. DRAMATIC CRITICS CRITICISED. By John Hollingshead.

4. A WONDERFUL CRAB. By Ernest Grisct. (With eight illustrations.)

5. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT AND AMERICAN POETRY. By W. Clark Russell.

6. FLO'S FATE. By Clement W. Scott.

7. HOLLAND HOUSE. By the Rev. J. C. M. Bellow (with a full-page illustration by R. C. Hulme).

8. FALLING IN LOVE. By the author of The Gentle Life.

9. IN THE SEASON. By Edmund Yates (with a full-page illustration).

10. ENGLISH STABILITIES. By the Rev. C. W. Denison.

11. SECOND THOUGHTS. By F. C. Burnand.

12. AMARANTH. By Savile Clarke.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Publishers,  
416 Broome Street (near Broadway), New York;  
and The Broadway, London.

For Sale and Subscribers' Names received by all Booksellers.

## JUST PUBLISHED BY

## CHARLES SCRIBNER &amp; CO.

## PROF. WHITNEY'S WORK ON LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE AND THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE. Twelve Lectures on the Principles of Linguistic Science. By WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Professor of Sanscrit and Instructor in Modern Languages in Yale College. 1 vol. crown 8vo, price \$2 50.

Prof. Whitney is known among scholars as the first of American linguists, and this volume will secure him a popular reputation as a philologist fully equal to that of Marsh or Müller. His aim in these lectures is to place in a clearly comprehensible form, before the English reader and student, all the principal facts regarding language—its nature and origin, its growth, its classifications, its ethnological bearing, its value to man. In discussing these themes, he combines a strictly logical plan and scientific method with a popular style of treatment. Technical and metaphysical phraseology is avoided as much as possible; the progress of the argument is always from that which is well known, or obvious, to that which is more obscure or difficult. Such a summary of linguistic science as is here presented ought to be included in every scheme of advanced education; and it is believed that the work will fill a want long recognized by the teachers in our higher institutions, and be widely adopted as a text-book for instruction.

\*.\* This book will be sent to any address by mail, post paid, upon receipt of the price.

## CHARLES SCRIBNER &amp; CO.,

654 Broadway, New York.

## AMERICAN LAW REVIEW.

NEW VOLUME.

## LITTLE, BROWN &amp; CO., Boston,

PUBLISH OCTOBER 1:

## THE AMERICAN LAW REVIEW.

VOL. II., NO. 1.

CONTENTS:

I. Liability as Partner. II. Railroad Legislation. III. Chief-Justice Shaw. IV. A Book about Lawyers. V. United States Circuit Court. VI. Digest of the English Law Reports for May, June, and July, 1867. VII. Selected Digest of State Reports. VIII. Book Notices. IX. List of New Law-Books published in England and America since July, 1867. X. Summary of Events.

Subscription price, \$5 per annum, in advance; single numbers \$1 25.

Vol. I., 1 bound in law sheep, 8vo, \$6.

## ORTHODOXY: ITS TRUTHS AND ERRORS.

By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D.

This Book, pronounced "well worth careful perusal" by orthodox papers, should be read by candid enquirers after truth, of every religious faith. 12mo, pp. 512, price \$1 25.

Published by the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, 26 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass., which also publishes some forty religious works—doctrinal, devotional, and practical—the prices of which are at least one third lower than those of an ordinary publisher.

A full descriptive catalogue furnished on application, and any book on the list sent free, on receipt of price.

A discount of twenty-five per cent. made to clergymen of every denomination. Tracts illustrating the Unitarian faith given freely to all who apply.

Applications by mail to be addressed to

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, Boston, Mass.

## FLORENCE

## REVERSIBLE FEED LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

Best Family Machine in the World.

## FLORENCE S. M. CO.,

505 Broadway, New York.

## THE WORLD-RENOWNED

## SINGER SEWING MACHINES,

FOR FAMILY USE

AND

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 458 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## THE CELEBRATED LOCK-STITCH

## EMPIRE SEWING MACHINES.

Best for family and manufacturing purposes. Agents wanted. Liberal discounts allowed. Warerooms, 616 Broadway, N. Y.

## Wheeler &amp; Wilson's Sewing Machines

(625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK)

Make the "Lock-Stitch," and rank highest on account of the Elasticity, Permanence, Beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching when done, and the wide range of their application—Report of the American Institute.

Wanted.—A Partner (or the whole interest will be disposed of) in the Book and Stationery Business, in a Southern city, well established and doing a good business. Address Box 484, Savannah, Ga.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS

OF

## J. B. LIPPINCOTT &amp; CO.,

PHILADELPHIA.

"Ouida's" New Novel, entitled

## UNDER TWO FLAGS.

By the author of Idalia, Chandos, Randolph Gordon, Strathmore, Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, Granville de Vigne, etc., etc. Complete in 1 vol. 12mo, containing 652 pages, neatly bound in cloth, price \$2.

## THE GLOBE BULWER.

Bulwer's Novels. Globe Edition. Printed in large type, on tinted paper, with engraved frontispiece to each volume, and handsomely bound in green morocco cloth, price per vol. \$1 50.

Now Ready, each complete in one neat 16mo volume:

THE CANTONS: A FAMILY PICTURE.

PELHAM; OR, ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

EUGENE ARAM: A TALE.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS.

DEVEREUX: A TALE.

All the remaining volumes are stereotyped and will be published in rapid succession.

## DIVINE LOVE AND WISDOM.

Angelic Philosophy of the Divine Love and Wisdom. By Emanuel Swedenborg. From the original Latin, as edited by Dr. J. F. I. Tafel. Translated by R. N. Foster. 1 vol. demi 8vo, cloth extra, price \$2.

## MISSOURI IN '67.

Missouri as It Is in 1867. An Illustrated Historical Gazetteer of Missouri, embracing the Geography, History, Resources, and Prospects; the Mineralogical and Agricultural Wealth and Advantages; the Population, Business Statistics, Public Institutions, etc., of each County of the State. The New Constitution, the Emancipation Ordinance, and important facts concerning "Free Missouri." An original article on Geology, Mineralogy, Soils, etc., by Prof. G. C. Swallow. Also, special articles on Climate, Grape Culture, Hemp, and Tobacco. Illustrated with numerous original engravings. By Nathan H. Parker, author of Iowa as It Is, etc., etc. Complete in one volume, Royal 8vo, cloth, price \$3 50.

## THREE ENGLISH STATESMEN.

Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt. A Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By Goldwin Smith. 1 vol. 12mo, extra cloth.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Elements of Art Criticism. A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges and a Hand-Book for Amateurs and Artists. By G. W. Samson, D.D., President of Columbian College, Washington, D. C. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, price \$3 50.

This work comprises a treatise on the Principles of Man's Nature as addressed by Art, together with a historic survey of the Methods of Art Execution in the departments of Drawing, Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Landscape Gardening, and the Decorative Arts. The Round Table says: "The work is incontestably one of great as well as unique value."

Manual of Elementary Logic. Designed especially for the use of Teachers and Learners. By Lyman H. Atwater, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the College of New Jersey. Small 12mo, cloth, price \$1 50.

Student's Practical Chemistry. A Text-Book for Colleges and Schools on Chemical Physics, including Heat, Light, and Electricity. Illustrated with over 160 wood-cuts. By Henry Morton, Ph.D., and Albert R. Leeds, A.M. 12mo, fine cloth, \$2.

IN PRESS AND NEARLY READY.

Fighting the Flames: A TALE OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of The Wild Man of the West, The Coral Islands, The Red Eric, etc. With illustrations.

The Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth. By H. F. Ewald, author of The Noreby Family, Johannes Falk, etc.

A Practical Treatise on Shock after Surgical Operations and Injuries. By Edwin Morris, M.D.

The Restoration at the Second Coming of Christ. A Summary of Millenarian Doctrines. By Henry A. Riley. With an Introduction by Rev. J. A. Seiss, D.D. 12mo.

Practical Anatomy. By D. Hayes Agnew, M.D. Second edition, revised, 12mo.

\*.\* For sale by booksellers generally, or will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,  
PHILADELPHIA.



The Editors are happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but they cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will they hold interviews or correspondence respecting them.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1867.

### NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

THE moral paralysis which for some time has threatened to destroy the vigor and break down the supremacy of the Republican party is beginning to make itself felt in a manner which may well excite the alarm and stimulate the ingenuity of its leaders. It has already, in Maine and California, crept over the extremities, and there are signs which rarely pre-empt falsely that indicate danger to the middle and vital parts of the party organization. The excuses which the Republican organs think proper to set forth as reasons for defeat are of a character that betrays both weakness and surprise; while the recriminations of the different wings of the party give token of fatal differences hereafter. The excuses, indeed, have themselves been the subjects of controversy; one side claiming as the essential cause of disaster that which the other insists would, if pushed still further, have constituted a sure means of victory. Alleged reasons for failure are common enough after the event, but instances are rare when so many have been thrust forward as have lately done duty to account for the Republican discomfitures. The problem has been to find such an explanation as should not seem logically incompatible with coincident assurances of future success; the nature of the case, however, is such as to make the solution exceedingly dubious. Most people have heard the story of the French mayor's apology to the prince-marshal for the omission of a salute when the latter dignity entered the town of the former. "We failed to fire the salute, your highness," explained the mayor, "for seventeen reasons. The first was, we had no cannon; the second—" "Your pardon, M. the Mayor," interrupted the prince; "your first reason is so very excellent that we can dispense with the other sixteen." There may be other weaknesses in the Republican platform or spots upon its escutcheon, such as the unconstitutional encroachments of Congress, the maladministration of the public finances, the oppressive and silly tariff; but each and all of these may readily be left among the sixteen reasons not enumerated. The single and sufficient rock which has shattered and threatens to sink the Republican ship is Negro Suffrage; the others may make assurance doubly sure, perhaps, but are superfluous as accounting for the late misfortune. Revolutions do not go backward, and the great republic rushes on very fast, and we march to the battle-cry of freedom and all the rest of it; but it is clear that the American people are not yet prepared to accept even the partial rule of the race they have just set free. It was possible to make them cohere—nay, to mould them into a solid, compacted mass, whose weight and velocity gave momentum sufficient to hurl down slavery; but the constituents which assented to and fought for emancipation cannot be got to assent to, even if they do not practically fight against, black enfranchisement. The distinction between an inherent right and a conceded privilege is here apprehended by the popular mind in a very decided manner. It is perceived that while the negro had a right to his freedom he has by no means the same right to the suffrage.

There is no escape from two momentous facts: first, that the character of our representation has become low and discreditable; and, secondly, that to introduce more ignorance into our constituencies must make it more low and more discreditable. We may dodge and twist and look the other way, but from these plain propositions there is absolutely no escape. The black man may be educated—perhaps—although we are utterly without precedents, or, rather, the precedents we have make against the assumption. But, if we suppose him to be educated, it will necessarily have been a work of time, and in the interim his employment of the suffrage may have superseded the educational necessity. The notion that voting helps to educate has, of course, some demonstrable

foundation, but not enough to justify the enormous risks which implicit dependence upon it would in this case entail. We dislike and reprobate the current slang about "nigger-worshipping," "nigger rule," and the like cheap phrases for catching the ear and flattering the blind prejudices of the multitude as heartily as any men can; but as a matter of solemn earnestness we fear they express what may prove to be literal truths when universal or manhood suffrage shall come. The blacks will certainly then have the balance of power and can rule the country more absolutely than their former masters ruled it in the olden time. It is easy enough to offer consolation in the persons of exceptional individuals and to promise ethnological development which shall bring wonderful and little-expected results. The fact remains that wherever in the world the negro has power—that is to say, control over himself or others—he is a barbarian, a cannibal, a seller of his own race into slavery. The brutish elements which are dormant or suppressed under bondage may be eradicated in freedom; they may, also, develop into modified forms of cruelty, unreason, and fatuity such as will produce, moving in mass, mournful, fantastic, and, in a national sense, most degrading results. The friends of the negro are very sanguine, and perhaps their hopes of retaining a long lease of his gratitude are well founded; but even if entirely fulfilled, we can scarcely admit that the best interests of the country would be thereby exclusively subverted.

A paper which ranks among the most ratiocinative of the Radical organs, and which in this respect affords a contrast to the frothy and untrained rhetoric of *The Tribune*, attributes the late Republican losses to the obtrusive prominence of what it calls the "Puritan idea," which it defines as "a feeling of impatience at sin in others and a disposition to repress it by the strong arm." If this idea or element can be eliminated, future Republican success may be confidently anticipated. But is not this idea the salt, the central dogma, the very life-blood, of the party it represents and with which it is identified? There is not the least doubt that the people at large are weary of this "feeling of impatience at sin in others and a disposition to repress it by the strong arm." It is the feeling and the disposition which, canted from the pulpit, roared from the rostrum, and ceaselessly inculcated by a zealous press, have gained the Republican party its past success and brought that party and the country to their present situations. To strike out the "Puritan idea" for the sake of mere success would be, as it seems to us, an act of political *felo-de-se* which, dictated only by selfish considerations, would not even win glory by the sacrifice. The Republican party without the "Puritan idea" would be like *Hamlet* without its hero or *The New York Herald* without Mr. Bennett. It is the soul, the *raison d'être*, of that party to impose by force action or abstinence on others without regard to contrariety of conviction or interest which resists the change. The feeling is the true and legitimate spirit of the Pilgrims, who, persecuted themselves, persecuted in turn to settle the account; with this difference, that New England of to-day seeks to subject others to the severe discipline she recognizes as "right" without ever going through anything in the shape of preparatory or complementary chastening herself. In the civil war New England was the mistress and inspirer of the situation. The rest of the country, or such of it as favored national unity and the extinction of slavery, accepted her guidance and, temporarily, drank in her inspiration. In the excitement of combat the Puritan idea was paramount and was probably essential to victory. But a very natural and a very widespread disgust for that idea has succeeded as a reaction to the effects of too large a dose of it. We think our neighbor quite right in its opinion that this idea must be stricken out as a condition to the success of its party; we think it wrong in supposing that its party can healthily survive the operation.

The great mistake which the Republican leaders have made, the mistake from which they are now suffering and from which they will suffer more, has consisted in their supposition that the engine of what they call healthful progress, and what their opponents call unconstitutional revolution, could be kept at full speed for an indefinite time after the fires of war had

been extinguished which formerly generated the requisite steam for their purpose. But the mass of the Northerners, while firm in their defence of national unity and, after a given period, in their resolve to overthrow slavery, went in their adhesion to those principles to the extreme length that they were prepared to go. The Union preserved and slavery overthrown, the great desire of that mass has been to restore the *status quo ante bellum* in every respect which is compatible with obviously irrevocable changes. The Republican party might, have been, probably would have been, sustained some time longer had the war continued—sustained, that is, until its close. But from the termination of hostilities the Republican party, through causes, perhaps, unavoidable, and in spite of its efforts to avoid such a contingency, has slowly but surely drifted into a position which is felt to be hostile to the best interests of the united nation. It might be more accurately said that slavery abolished and unity secured, there remained no principles in the Republican creed or measures in the Republican practice which the aggregate intelligence of the country could accept as sagacious or patriotic; and that their further usefulness was prevented rather by the drift of events than by their own action. Their work was accomplished, the Union no longer required to be saved, and they have therefore turned to the less noble but very natural work of saving their party. The common sense of the people, however, recognizes the distinction. Gratitude is a very good thing, but it seldom goes so far in a national sense as to include a willingness to sacrifice future material interests for the sake of past services. Moreover, although the work of ending the war was largely done by Republicans, it is a fallacy no less flagrant because their most favorite one to assume that it was done by Republicans alone. Even if it had been, it is not by constitutional means that they can retain power after the great majority of American citizens are convinced that such a retention is unfavorable to harmonious reconstruction, to diminished taxation, and, in fine, to the solid prosperity of the country. Unconstitutional means have certainly been threatened, and it will be no equivocal test of the patriotism which has been so widely vaunted if, for party purposes, the Republican leaders shall venture to resort to as well as to threaten them. The way before us is cloudy and perplexing, and the situation is felt by the thoughtful to be one which may lead to enormous, and what five years ago would have been thought impossible, changes. Men do not claim so confidently as they once did that the emancipation of the black race is certain to assure the permanent freedom of the white. We all, of course, strive to hope for the best, hope to pass through all our troubles by peaceful and equitable means, but a contrary experience may come upon us when least expected. The elections prove the existence of a determined feeling against a policy which is, however, felt to be essential to the salvation of a powerful party holding in its hands extraordinary opportunities and powers. From this dilemma none can tell what may be evolved; but, unless we read the signs of the times and measure the antagonisms of race very incorrectly, the nation at large, should such an alternative be forced upon it, would sooner submit to a single dictator than to a million in the persons of black men.

### THE ERA OF THE INCOMPETENTS.

WE are a very smart people. So say all the self-admiring among ourselves. So say, also, our enemies in other countries, meaning thereby that the word smartness defines all our mental quality. The present condition of our public affairs seems to demonstrate that we are losing our smartness, whether in one sense or the other. Whatever we may be in building railroads, in inventing sewing machines and reapers, in making money or in borrowing money and inventing ways of not paying it back—whatever of honest and useful smartness there may be in our Howes and McCormicks, or of wicked smartness in our Butlers and Pendletons, it is clear that our public men are neither smart enough to do their allotted work nor smart enough to cover up their failures. Everywhere is seen bare, unconcealed incompetency. We have a President bearing a name which is almost literally, and is in fact, the same as Andrew Jackson, incompetent to defend the constitutional



power of his office against the encroachments of Congress; a Congress called upon, after a severe and costly war, to provide for governing the country in peace, and unable to invent any other mode of doing so but that of continuing the conditions and the expenses of a state of war; and, lastly, a gathering of one hundred and sixty chosen men, out of the four millions who make up this great state, met to frame a new constitution, which chosen body, after over four months of hard work, gives the matter up and openly confesses, "We don't know how to do it." We are enacting a travesty of the old republic. It needs only that General Grant shall, in imitation of the Roman emperor, invest his best war horse with the consular dignity and install him in the White House, to give to our travesty the finish of the more ancient farce.

We shall not have a proper estimate of the "great fizzle," as our Constitutional Convention is now called in the streets, if we take it for granted that the men composing it lacked what is commonly called ability. On the contrary, it was full of able men—full to overflowing. Its president, Mr. Wheeler, is one of the ablest, if not the ablest, whom we have ever met as chairman of a deliberative body. The names which made up its chief committees—those on the judiciary, finance, cities, and other important topics—at test both the talent to be found in the convention and the skill and honesty of the president in picking it out for service. Nor did the members, in the main, lack honesty of purpose. With the trivial exception of one manager of ward caucuses from this city, none of the members wasted the time of the body with party harangues. What the convention lacked was sense. Its members lacked the common sense which prompts men, whenever they have any work to accomplish by united efforts, to organize themselves. When a hundred men set to work to build a house or a barn, they do not each one set up his separate stick of timber where he will and expect thus to make all the parts fit each other and hold together, but they choose some one to lay out the work, and another to give orders while the work is going on. In the convention every one was his own captain; the inferior men being, of course, the most anxious to appear as leaders. The men in the convention who knew the most spoke seldom; the superficial and the impracticable were on their legs every day. If we may judge by a few days' observation of our own, one editor from this city must have spoken at least twice in every day session and as often in every evening session for the whole term. The inferior men had not the sense to hold their tongues; so the wiser men had to hold theirs. Mr. Evarts, of this city, has scarcely said a word. President Wheeler has not opened his mouth except to put the question. The convention had not the sense to put down this useless gabble, as the British Parliament does, by a convenient fit of general coughing; for the body of the convention was composed of men who came there on purpose to teach, and thought they had nothing to learn. The body was about as efficient for useful work as would be an army composed exclusively of brigadier-generals, or a jury made up of twelve lawyers.

One result from all this is that the dominant party in the state, which had by a large majority control of the convention, and was therefore responsible for its success or failure, has come out of it greatly damaged in its repute for competency to manage public affairs. What little credit can be got out of the proceedings of the convention has been left to be reaped by the Democrats, who were in a weak minority. This minority has been wise enough to make few speeches, and when it did speak to speak to some purpose through such men as Church and Tilden. No Republican leader in the body but has had his previous repute damaged by his connection with the convention, except President Wheeler. All the credit gained by individual men may be said to be divided between him and the Democratic leader, Sanford E. Church. With the convention completely in their control, and with such able leaders as Wheeler, Evarts, Folger, and Hale under whom to range themselves, it needed but a reasonable share of sense for the Republicans to have come out of the convention with a high repute for capacity to govern. As it is, they have simply given a cognovit of incompetency.

It is an unhappy inference from the failure of this convention that the tendency to the elevation of ignorant, superficial, and conceited men to places which can be filled only by the wise and thoughtful is stronger than ever in our country, and that our capacity to govern ourselves is growing less every day. As no one, nowadays, can write such hymns as the Psalms of David, as all modern efforts to retranslate the Bible into good English are failures, as our bishops cannot frame a prayer for an occasional service which comes up to the level of the prayer-book and the missal, so the art of making constitutions of government, in which the fathers of the republic excelled, seems to be among the lost arts in America.

#### FINANCIAL.\*

It is announced by authority in *The National Intelligencer* that the policy of the Treasury is to be hereafter not to sell but to keep its gold coin. That paper foolishly speaks of this as *hoarding* the gold. A man who buries coin in the earth, putting it to no use, may properly be said to hoard it. But a man who, owing debts which he cannot at present pay but which he wants to pay, saves up money to that end, does not hoard his money nor fail to put it to use. On the contrary, he is putting it to the very best and most honest of uses. The Treasury of the United States owes four hundred millions of promissory notes, payable on demand, which it does not and cannot pay. These are scattered about in every man's pocket-book and in every bank-vault; and because the Treasury is not ready to pay them, they are worth in every pocket-book and in every bank-vault much less than they ought to be. They profess each promise to be worth a dollar; but they will not pass for more than seventy cents, simply because the Treasury, while it promises to pay, does not pay. In consequence, every bank and every man cheats his neighbor by paying him seventy cents when he ought to pay a dollar, and he cheats himself by thinking he does pay a dollar.

The reason given by *The Intelligencer* for this decision of the Secretary is that that officer is convinced that *retaining the coin in the Treasury acts more effectively to put down the price of gold than does the selling of it*. If Mr. McCulloch has come to this conviction, he has come to it rather late. He has been wasting his large surplus of coin for three years in playing the bear in the gold market, and finds that after he has thrown away two hundred and fifty millions of coin in these vain efforts, the price of gold is twenty per cent. higher than when he began his stock-broker's game. We happen to know that Mr. McCulloch was advised to keep his gold, and this very reason assigned to him in support of the advice, one month after the war closed. Every one knows that two years ago he was again urged to adopt this policy by *The Evening Post* of this city in a series of editorials, earnest and well reasoned. He has no excuse for the light not having broken in upon his mind earlier, except in its own natural foggy or in that great darkener of the intellect—profound conceit of one's own wisdom. A statesman who can only see what he ought to have done after the opportunity to do it has passed, is no statesman at all.

From the 1st of July, 1865, to the 1st of July, 1867, the Treasury has received from customs over three hundred and fifty millions of gold coin. In 1865 all the interest on the public debt which was required to be paid in coin did not exceed sixty millions of dollars per annum, nor could this annual amount of gold payments be increased till August, 1867—rather not until six months thereafter. None of the 7.30 notes came due until August, 1867; then, and not till then, were the holders thereof entitled to receive in exchange for them 5-20 bonds; and six months thereafter, to wit, on the 1st of February, 1868, the first payment of interest on such bonds would come due. Until the 1st of February next the Treasury could have gone on with an annual burden of only sixty millions of gold interest to be taken out of its gold income; so that it could have accumulated by the 1st of last July, after paying one hundred and twenty

\* It is proper to mention that the series of articles on *The Money Question*, two of which have appeared, should have been placed under a separate and non-editorial heading. Readers will have observed that the principles and arguments of their able writer are not those heretofore and now maintained by ourselves.—ED. ROUND TABLE.

millions of gold interest, two hundred and thirty millions of coin.

Now, the government never had but four hundred and fifty millions of promises to pay on demand in circulation. The compound interest and five per cent. legal-tender notes, like all interest-bearing paper, did not circulate as ready money, and were not payable on demand. The Treasury could therefore have had, on the 1st of July last, one dollar of coin in hand for every two of its circulating promises. A bank of good credit feels quite strong to redeem its circulation as fast as it can possibly come in when it has one dollar of coin to every three of notes out. Much more could the government, with its superior credit, have safely offered to redeem all its notes on demand when it had one dollar of coin to every two of notes. Mr. McCulloch could thus have paid specie last July with ease to the Treasury and without distress to the community. There would now have been no such thing as a premium on gold; there would have been none of the ugly questions which now are debated, as to whether the 5-20s ought to be paid in gold or paper, for gold and paper would have been the same thing. The custom-house would have taken legal-tender notes at par for duties; the public creditor would have taken legal-tender notes for his gold interest; our 5-20 bonds would have been selling in Europe at twenty per cent. premium instead of twenty per cent. discount, and the 5-20s of 1862 could now have been redeemed by issuing a new loan at five per cent. at par. The country would have been sure of its financial strength and prosperity.

Mr. McCulloch promised to bring this all about by his contraction policy. He has contracted fifty millions and brought about everything he promised in the inverse direction; gold is much higher, our public credit worse, distrust of the future much more general, talk of repudiation open and shameless. He is even now counteracting his favorite contraction by issuing more paper money in the shape of his three per cent. certificates. But, meantime, his friends have had nice profits out of exchanging the 7.30 notes for 5-20 bonds before the proper time, and we fear the private gains that could thus be made blinded him to the true public policy. For the sake of these we fear he has made the people pay eight per cent. interest on 5-20s when they were bound to pay only seven and three-tenths. For the sake of these gains he has, we fear, been willing to run up the gold interest from sixty millions to one hundred and twenty millions a year sooner than was necessary, and so lose our best opportunity to get back to a sound condition.

His wisdom has come to him as wit is said by an old humorist to come to many men: if they have had a sharp hit from some one at the dinner-table, they think two hours afterward what a smart repartee they might have given, if they had only thought of it in time.

#### MR. GORILLA OR MR. BABOON.

INNÆUS, when he classed the chimpanzee under the genus *homo*, had never even heard of the gorilla, and the philanthropists of our own time have much better reason than the eminent Swede to link our race with that of the quadrumana. Unpleasant as may be the reflection, it must, we fear, be owned that the line which divides the lowest of the race of men, the most debased of the black troglodytes from the highest of the race of apes, the most noble specimens of the gorilla, is so delicately drawn as to be imperceptible. The discoveries of M. Du Chailu coming at the same time with our ethnological perplexities and their attendant political differences have given this important subject a wider interest in this country than is perhaps felt in any other. Our old acquaintance, Mr. Barnum, availed himself of this interest with characteristic address by the introduction to the public of a diminutive black idiot, whom he was pleased to term the "What-Is-It?" and of whom anything and everything was implied that would suggest mysterious affinity with the human race except the trifling circumstance that the poor little creature was in fact a member of it. The game was very artistically played and, as might have been expected with so veteran an expert, it was also extremely profitable. It was, however, given out that a greater triumph was to come. Even a What-Is-It? pales before a gorilla. The sceptical might sneer at the equivocal origin and attributes of the former, but the latter must needs be a veritable Simon



Pure of its kind. The new comer was moreover to be a *live* specimen of his order. Stuffed gorillas had been seen here before, but public experience of taxidermic possibilities, as exemplified by our own Magnus Apollo of the show shop, had caused them to be regarded with indifference, if not with suspicion. A live What-Is-It? was certainly better than a dead gorilla; but a good, riotous, blood-thirsty, implacable gorilla, requiring ten men to hold him, smashing chain cables, doubling up iron bars like pipestems, and splitting the welkin with his leonine roars, was manifestly a very different thing. Such was the prepossessing stranger whom we have been expecting to greet; but such is not, we grieve to say, the new arrival at Mr. Barnum's hotel, of whom our contemporary, *The Evening Post*, has given so glowing a description. Unhappily the creature is not Mr. Gorilla after all. There is an error leading only to one conclusion, a soft impeachment not to be explained away, although—and we wonder the expedient has not occurred to his urbane and ingenious host—it might have been cut off; the creature has what the reporters would style a caudal extremity; it unfolds a tail such as no gorilla was ever known to flourish, and by sad consequence cannot be a gorilla at all.

Zoologically speaking, as many of our readers are aware, the ape tribe of which the gorilla is king have no tails; while the baboons have short tails and the monkeys, the inferiors of the other two, have long ones. Mr. Barnum's present treasure is said to belong to the cynocephali or dog-nosed baboon family; but, however this may be, his luckless tail is fatal to the showman's story and, we apprehend, to that greenbacked career which in the absence of such an appendage he would have been certain to have run. It is only fair to Mr. Barnum to observe, however, that, so far as we know, he has not positively announced his new attraction as a gorilla; he has only, with that sweet and artless candor which is all his own, either permitted or otherwise managed to lead other people—including the naturalists of *The Evening Post*—to think so.\* But waiving the question of responsibility as well as that of accurate nomenclature, we have a few words to offer of a graver and higher character which the occasion has aptly suggested. Whether this person be Mr. Gorilla or Mr. Baboon, we venture to submit, is at this enlightened day of little consequence. There will in any case be no dissent from the proposition that it is not his fault whether he has a long tail, a short tail, or no tail at all. Why, then, should we indulge in ungenerous discussions respecting his race, why seek to establish distinctions so plainly opposed to those principles of equal rights and uniform justice which it is the glory of our day to establish and reverse? What right have we, in our pride, to calculate the rank of these exotic personages by physical considerations, to measure their importance by the length of their tails? Surely this is unworthy of a race which professes to form judgements by the opposite extremity, and an application of the golden rule must as certainly manifest its absurdity. Again, we perceive by the report of *The Evening Post* that this person—Mr. Gorilla or Mr. Baboon, as the case may be—has been actually dragged about by a heavy chain made fast about his neck, notwithstanding his strenuous objections and repeated solicitations to the contrary, and that he is now ignominiously imprisoned in a contracted cage, shut out by cruel iron gratings from the light and liberty to which he was born, to which he has always been accustomed, and to which he has an indefeasible right. We feel bound to protest against such treatment being shown to an unoffending stranger in this great and free country and in this wonderful and progressive age. We should be false to our convictions and responsibilities did we not urge that as this no doubt excellent and estimable individual has been brought hither from Africa against his will under circumstances of cruel restraint and unjustifiable oppression, the least we can do is to set him free, to recognize his equality to ourselves in all respects, and to afford him those opportunities for the pursuit of propriety and happiness which we ourselves enjoy.

A consideration of his probable future career under such changed and inspiring circumstances must surely give pleasure to every noble or generous mind. We may trace him in fancy accumulating a little fortune by the judicious management of a corner grocery. He rises, step by step, through a careful study of the principles of caucuses and a sedulous attendance at ward meetings, to the position of a common councilman. Watching his chances and aided by a felicitous investment in a share of a faro-bank or a lucky partnership in a lottery office, he ascends by steady progress to the dignity of an alderman. Skilled now in the politician's art and filled with

an enthusiastic love of the people, he jobs some market, some street railway, or some other patriotic enterprise, and suddenly appears at the opera or in the park as a millionaire, splendid in diamonds, purple, and fine linen, sumptuous in the costliness and beauty of his equipage. In time, waxing higher, greater, and more useful in the social scale, in proportion to the increase of his well-earned fortune, he buys the fastest horse in the world, breaks the largest bank in the world, builds the largest house in the world, drives eight in hand, "combines" in Erie and Pacific Mail, throws thousand-dollar diamonds to pretty ballet girls, and finally—*finis coronat opus*—goes to Congress. Even beyond this lofty pinnacle, with no great stretch of imagination, we might depict his swelling progress, but we have gone far enough to show the enormity of his present incarceration and the national benefits which are sure to inure from his enlargement. Are these benefits to be forgone for the sake of the miserable cupidity of a Barnum? Forbid it, hospitality, justice, and equal rights. The time has gone by for ridiculous ethnological distinctions, and, whether our illustrious visitor be Mr. Baboon or Mr. Gorilla, we insist upon his having fair play.

## L'OPÉRA BOUFFE.

WHAT shall we say or do to vent our concentrated gratitude toward Mr. Bateman for this new troupe of his? Of course we are aware that there is a short and simple way of negotiating our appreciation through the small square orifice for that purpose especially provided. But this the *canaille dorée* can do as well as we; there is a lack of originality about it which strikes the true *littérateur* very forcibly. But the whole vocabulary of that pen which is thought to be mightier even than the *sabre de mon père* is cordially his to choose from; *optivo cognomine crescit*. For has he not imported us a three-hour paradise, with intermissions for earthly refreshment? At any rate the opening night alone demonstrated that the Théâtre Français is ended as to its walls with a large share of that elasticity peculiar to our horse-cars and omnibuses. The edifice was one grand sardine-box of auditors, from the dim attic—a sort of blind asylum, we have always fancied, for those who cannot afford to see as well as hear—to the fashionable cellar, where the national fowls of freedom, in gilt uniform, mount guard at regular intervals over the securely seated *dîte*. As an illustration of the compressibility of animate matter it was a rare success—in fact, an *experimentum crucis*. Many comers simply obeyed the grand hereditary instinct which some time since misguided our distant relative Madame Adam, as the Offenbachians would call her, into that little difficulty of the fruit. Others of our own neighbors could not resist the attraction of a chance to translate all the points from the performers' lips into the elegant dialect of the libretto, amid the admiring ejaculations of one non-polyglot friend and the helpless fury of circumambient Frenchmen. Ignorance of French, in fact, more or less thorough, we take to have been the grand motive of the evening; and those who know from Ristori's last season what innocence of Italian can do in the same direction, will admit the grand motive to be adequate. But be this as it may, there are few who will not go again for the piece itself. It is capitally composed, rather cleverly written, and excellently put on the stage and played. And yet, made up as it is of musical episodes, strung on transitions of dialogue—somewhat like Miss Richings's operettas of last season—it is most difficult to detail its impression. It is like dreaming the story of Titania and Bottom in the Frenchiest of French, with all the modern improvements. There is a curious foreign flavor to the fun—a queer, refined absurdity which is distinctly European, and would instantly evaporate (as French fun daily does) in our "adaptations." The element of extravagance is, of course, the dominant chord; but it is far less broad than the English, and much of its intense comicality flows from the mere rank of the characters.

M. Offenbach has done his part of the work to admiration. We understand that the characters as well as the music are, in the main, of his own authorship. They are capitally conceived, at any rate. The trio of the old diplomat, Prince Paul, and General Boum remind us constantly of the other trio who stalk so portentously through *Don Giovanni*; was there any travesty intended, we wonder? The Grand Duchess in Mlle. Tostée's hands is inexpressibly spirited and funny, and M. Guffroy as Fritz is as saucy, stupid, and droll as he can be, and leaves nothing to be desired unless a note or two more in his voice. The articulation of these two *artistes* is especially praiseworthy. As to incident, there is not much. The promotion scene and its reverse and the serenade scene are the best, if not the only, touches of intrinsic

comedy, and the last of these is really very naughty, and altogether singularly ill-adapted to families and schools. Some of the dialogue is also clever, but most of it has, before a New York audience, to draw most of its force from the actors. The whole fundamental idea of the play—a satire on minute monarchy—with many sharp side hits, is, in a great measure, lost to untravelled republican ears. As to the music, it is as indescribable as everything else—gay, fresh, rollicking, and fantastic to the last degree, full of artifice and sometimes of art, and odd from violin to trombone. The whole play, indeed, has evidently been tested and remodelled and moulded into shape by a thorough experience, and now the music fits the words and the instrumentation the music like a glove. One marked and telling feature, though, in several airs is the utterly ludicrous way in which the notes take hold of the words, as it were. The musical emphasis falls in such queer places that without violation of time it seems fairly to jerk the phrases into contortions with very amusing effect. Of real melody—the sort one catches and hums out of tune between the acts—there is, as in almost all French light music, very little. The *Sabre Chorus* and a bar or two at the end of Act II, are about all, except the delicious rondo, *Dites-lui*, which is the gem of the opera, and was exquisitely sung by Mlle. Tostée with wonderful delicacy and passion. Most of the songs, in fact, leave little more impression than so much rapid recitative—generally a residuum of bewilderment and fun. The comic interest seldom flags throughout the airs. On the whole, the most ludicrous of all, to our thinking, was the wail of the adult royal baby, Prince Paul, over the *Gazette de Hollande*, which is genuine brimming comicality. Only, as it purports to be a song, a little music would not come amiss to the air of it. If there is a fault to find anywhere, it is that this character of Prince Paul is not more developed. It is, to us at least, completely novel—a sort of French Dundreary—and might be made a far more amusing personation. Not that M. Leduc could possibly have done better what he had to do, but he ought to have more to do. Beside this there are General Boum's opening volley, the wrangle at the end of Act I, and one or two other airs, perhaps, which are very clever; but the crown and climax of the absurdity is the unutterable *cancan* of the conspirators that closes the second act. This is simply side-splitting, and of course is encored every night.

The whole thing is and must be a decided success. To begin with, it is well above the average in its conception, acting, and *mise en scène*. Then, it is not only a thoroughly French thing, but just the sort of thoroughly French thing that Frenchmen most particularly glory in. As we stepped out of the theatre it seemed to us as if all cis-Atlantic Gaul were let loose in Fourteenth Street. All the conversation was going at the minimum rate of four hundred words to the minute, and the very air was warlike with the *sabre de mon père*. They hummed it, and croaked it, and gurgled it, and growled it, in all the known keys and some new ones invented for the occasion. There was one man, and one only, who, we decided, had the air right. Since then we have discovered that we then had it wrong ourselves, so even he must have missed it. He was a large, grave gentleman with a smooth face, who gazed where the moon should have been as he muttered it sadly in a deep counter-bass. If he sees this article he will be glad to learn that he too had it wrong. We never knew an audience of such bellicose parentage. One young gentleman pursued us, armed with the paternal weapon, as far as Delmonico's, and no doubt sabred all the waiters in the *café*, and traces of melodic digladiation were to be found even as far as Broadway. We think the French element alone ought to pay the expenses, and leave us natives to go to profit and loss. And among Americans its chances for taking like wildfire are so great that we should not be surprised to see it become an institution for awhile. It would be popular at any time. New York finds out a really good thing wonderfully fast. But just now *The Black Crook* has paved its way to triumph. Mrs. Grundy, last summer, took some time to decide on *The Black Crook*. Some say she was out of town—at the watering-places; others that she forgot her spectacles, and had to come again. Pending the verdict, our fastidious, first-class shockables mostly took the benefit of the doubt and went while it was not yet obligatory to blush. Now it is the thing to be shocked, and we are shocked. We wouldn't go for the world; in fact, we went last summer under a misinformation, etc. But it has done its work; the public taste craves seasoning, and the *Opéra Bouffe* will just fill the vacancy. The *morale* (or perhaps we should say the *immorale*) of its latter scenes furnishes the required condiment, with the advantage of being in a language which can be understood or not according to good taste or the fashion. At any rate, we are across the

\* Since this was in type, Mr. Barnum has advertised Mr. Baboon as Mr. Gorilla.—ED. ROUND TABLE.



Rubicon in regard to it. We fear we do not know, and we know we do not care, whether this be the very best troupe that ever played in Paris, or whether some other troupe was or is or would be a shade better. We know it is contrary to all the canons to bow down to any but first-class idols. Yet at the full risk of not displaying the due critical disdain we took the liberty of enjoying the *Opéra Bouffe* immensely and we hope that if, as one says already, it is not here for long time, it will at least come often back.

#### THE FALL OPENING.

AT the genteel breakfast tables of Murray Hill there is a flutter and commotion, a laying together of glossy heads, a mysterious telegraphing of beaming eyes, a whispered felicitation of smiling lips that send through Paterfamilias a vague premonitory shiver, a shadowy foreboding of ill even before he sees that in his morning paper which makes him drop it with a groan, clutch involuntarily at his pocket-book, and then, with an unsettled glare around the startled board, rush abruptly from the room, leaving untouched the savory muffin, untasted the fragrant coffee. Consternation reigns in the family circle; through the wreathing mist of the urn the face of Paterfamilias looms up in mild amazement, and a chorus of "Well, I never!" "What on earth ails pa?" etc., etc., bespeaks the agitation of the moment. It is curious. Let us use our privilege as chronicler to peer over the shoulders of the wondering group that are searching the columns of *The Morning Blower* for the solution of the mystery.

Not in the elections surely; there is nothing there, so fortune has balanced her favors, to disquiet the most ardent partisan. Is Paterfamilias a Democrat, he is rejoiced to hear of the great Conservative reaction; is he Republican, he is gratified to know that the cause of freedom is steadily advancing. The markets might afford the clue, did we not happen to know that Paterfamilias is long in gold and gold is going up; the capture of Garibaldi could scarcely have left so portentous a cloud on the paternal brow; the condition of Europe is quite unequal to account for his perturbation. The deaths and marriages include no beloved name in the catalogue of victims. The steamboat collision on the Hudson has left his friends unscathed; last night's record of murder and burglary and arson must look for its fearful interest to other doors. We fail to detect that he has been nominated for Congress or made a Knight of the Legion of Honor or been mentioned in connection with the Mexican mission or the War portfolio. For the rest, *The Morning Blower* is filled with such pleasant tidings as must have shed a rosy light through the editorial sanctum and made the very compositors mad with joy. The season has fairly begun under auspices so brilliant as quite to beggar expectation, and the columns of that enterprising sheet are plethoric with promise of unparalleled attractions to the votaries of pleasure. Italian opera and French opera, Italian tragedy and English (or shall we not rather say with a proper patriotic spirit, American?) tragedy, moral panoramas and naughty ballets, German pianists and Ethiopian minstrels, gorillas at Barnum's and live donkeys (on and off the stage) at Niblo's, popular lecturers and popular preachers (for, Providence having come back from his summer holiday, the churches too have reopened, freshly painted and decorated, and replenished with a new and select stock of piety for the winter trade)—a hundred shows distract our poor bewildered donkey of a public between their rival haystacks. In all this there is not much reason for Paterfamilias' singular conduct, unless we can suppose that the very variety and dazzling profusion of the delights vouchsafed to him have turned his head. The donkey, after all, would have been better satisfied with a single haystack and peace of mind; gallant Captain Macheath was not happy in presence of the superfluous charmer. We might enjoy the prospect better if there were a little less to enjoy. It detracts not a little from our pleasure at sight of Ristori in *Elizabeth* to reflect that we are losing Forrest in *Richelieu*; the *Opéra Bouffe* would be delicious did it not banish us temporarily from the divine Parepa and the heavenly Peralta and the celestial Pancani and all the rest of the tuneful choir that the most indefatigable of Impresarii has provided for our delectation; the twinkling ankles and beauty undorned of *The Devil's Auction* only fail of being irresistible in suggesting a mournful yearning for the ecstatic prouetting and unembarrassed loveliness of *The Black Crook*. If one had but the gift of bilocation! If one were only a Corsican brother, or a detached Siamese twin! And while we gasp and struggle in this deluge of delights, behold how fresh sluices of bliss are opened on us! Fascinating Mile. Janauschek, who is said to be prettier than her name, is to plunge Vienna into despair

that we may be lifted to the seventh heaven of theatrical beatitude; ingenious M. Dumas is to show us how one may lecture in English without knowing a syllable of that beastly tongue; facetious Mr. Dickens is to "come over the water Charlie" for the express and especial benefit of his dear American cousins, and, perhaps, a little of his dear English pocket. Is it the *embarras de richesses* that has so upset paterfamilias? Not very probable after all, so we must hunt up a more satisfactory explanation. Ha! what is this? Miss Florimel gives a delightful little shriek of ecstatic wonder, and points speechlessly to a paragraph which had eluded our notice. We look over the fair heads bent down in eager scrutiny, and read:

#### THE FALL OPENING!

MADAME PHILIGRI  
respectfully invites her Patrons and the Public to a  
SPECIAL EXPOSITION OF PARISIAN MILLINERY  
AT HER EMPORIUM OF FASHION,  
0001 Broadway.

This is the reason that Paterfamilias groaned and felt for his pocket-book and forsook his breakfast; this is the reason that his still charming wife and his lovely daughters so speedily lose all thought of dear papa's unaccountable conduct in a tide of blissful reveries. The innocent prattle of the breakfast hour is hushed; those savory little *rechauffés* of nocturnal scandal which led so delightfully a piquancy to the morning table-talk of the sex are untasted and forgotten, a solemn and brooding calm steals over those happy hearts, for at least five minutes they will be oblivious of woman's choicest prerogative. We feel that it would be sacrilege longer to intrude on the hallowed scene, and noiselessly we withdraw.

Shall we follow Paterfamilias in his melancholy journey to Wall Street? Shall we note his abstracted stare in reply to Jones's ingratiating nod, the gloomy smile with which he meets Robinson's cordial greeting? Shall we record the distempered visions which float before his mournful prescience; the innumerable bills thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa which imagination shows around him! Or shall we not rather hover near the steps of his respectable mansion till such time as his wife and daughters flutter forth in splendor of raiment and beauty to adorn the Special Exposition with their presence? Shall we not aid them to exhaust admiration over the "ducks of bonnets," "the loves of hats," the countless miracles of millinery wherewith Madame Philigri expands the taste and collapses the pockets of her patrons? No! we remember that we are not a Cæsus; we halt at the sacred portals of the temple wherein our fair companions disappear, and we are content to fancy the glories that await them.

Perhaps all this is a trifle exaggerated. Perhaps Paterfamilias doesn't groan audibly or drop his paper, but quietly finishes it and his muffin together. Perhaps the delight of his female relatives is a little, a very little, less demonstrative than we have pictured it. But at least it will serve the purpose of pointing the moral we wish to enforce, which is that the Fall Opening awakens in manly and gentle bosoms widely differing sensations. These Bismark browns and Antwerp silks, these Sensation bonnets and Boulevard skirts and Empress trails excite a considerably less degree of rapture in those who are to pay for them than in those who are only to wear them—a rapture which seems to increase in exact ratio to the ugliness of the article. Yet masculine dismay is not a little tempered by a certain contemptuous compassion for the servility which bows to the most preposterous mandates of modiste and milliner. Tailor or hatter would never dream of dictating so to us, of cutting our coats according to their cloth. Of course not; the very notion is absurd. But our wives and sisters and daughters bow to the caprices of their tyrants with an abject submission that must win them the contempt even of those fashionable powers. And they on their part never scruple to strain obedience to the utmost by any extravagance, however wild or fantastic. One of the best illustrations of this confidence that we have seen is the statement in one of their organs that the recent hideous additions to the Fanchon model were designed to crush those presumptuous rebels who dared to make their own bonnets. There is evidently to be no meddling with their prerogative.

So, however Paterfamilias may groan and grumble, the success of the Fall Opening is not likely to be abated. And in reality we believe the old humbug would grumble twice as much if Mrs. P. or the young ladies failed to appear next Sunday in the very pink of the fashion, if they permitted those *ojus Tomkines* to outshine them with bonnets a whit less microscopically frightful, or trails a furlong shorter. As long as it is the mode for women to be dressed at all (and recent developments

really seem to justify a doubt that it will be so very long), Madame Philigri will triumph, as she always has since that remote period when our first parents ventured on the unlucky speculation in fruit which has entailed so many hardships on their hapless posterity. We are not informed that there were milliners in Paradise; if there had been, we make no doubt whatever that numberless sweet things in fig-leaves would have speedily diverted the grief of our injured ancestors. But even the craft of the Evil One was insufficient to compass at once two such dire temptations.

#### THE HUDSON IN AUTUMN.

BEAUTIFUL at all seasons, the Hudson in autumn is magnificently so. The rich dyes of the changing foliage, the surpassing loveliness of perspectives seen through the haze of Indian summer, the crisp curl of waters fretted by the breeze that scatters the autumnal leaves, combine to make up a glowing and varied picture—a picture which once seen is rarely forgotten, and which no lover of nature can view without profound feeling. The life and movement of a scene like this exquisite panorama of the Hudson, although the idea of the decaying year is never without its tinge of melancholy, is better appreciated when one comes from scenes equally suggestive of the mournful flight of time, but without the same appearance of picturesque vitality. Let us suppose, for example, that we leave Saratoga during the last week of September. Nearly all the hotels are closed, the streets almost empty, the springs nearly deserted, and a chill and *triste* air characterizes the few remaining saunterers. You wander listlessly down the long piazza of the Clarendon, that sublime cross between a shanty and a palace, which bravely keeps open after most of its rivals are shut for the season, hearing nothing but the rustle of wandering, reckless leaves, seeing nothing but the shivering black waiters who grow blue with the cold, and now and then stray unfortunates, like yourself, who are "seeing the thing through," and peeping about to kill time before dinner. "Stay here another day?" grumbled a bored-looking man to another, in a stage whisper, as the writer passed them on the Clarendon piazza. "See all Saratoga d—d first! I'd rather go to Sing Sing!" Yet there were attractions still about the place. The Clarendon is a well-kept hotel in most respects, and the table is better than ordinary. The servants are, it is true, a little brusque and patronizing; at times rather forcibly reminding you of the sentiment contained in a certain distich whose source and precise words have escaped us, but which runs somewhat thus:

"Now we're de superior race,  
Long enough we've bore our crosses;  
And, with Gor-a-mighty's grace,  
We're goin' to heaven afore de bosses."

This manner, however, is not peculiar to the servants at the Clarendon, but is noticeable in almost all the colored people at service on North River steamboats, as well as in hotels at neighboring watering-places. They have been taught a trifle too much self-assertion, and unless their pretensions are discreetly moderated, it needs no great sagacity to predict unpleasant collisions ere long deplorable in every sense and utterly unnecessary. But, to return to the general air of dismal petrefaction which prevails in Saratoga at this particular season, it is difficult in spite of a good inn and unlimited leisure to be other than lachrymose at the Springs when the opera has gone and most of the gayly dressed people, and when even the gamblers, led by their hierarch, Prester John, have fled to happier scenes, where loathsome if health-giving waters are not and where those who fight the tiger haply are. A moving multitude, with its kaleidoscopic gyrations, goes far to give interest and vivacity to the scene even for those who participate neither in its pleasures nor its vices, and the flight of the crowd is thus severely felt by many who would never look to it for society. When the grand army of pleasure-seekers and idlers has marched away, Saratoga is indeed a deserted village, and its atmosphere is almost that of a tomb.

To come, then, after going through the torpor and ennui of the last week of the season at the Springs, once more forth upon the bosom of the noble Hudson, to enjoy once again its light and shade, its sparkle, its ceaseless variety, its everlasting motion, is almost like leaving some desolate island, where one has been living the life of a hermit, to walk suddenly into a ball-room at the Tuilleries or a *fête champêtre* at Versailles. How glorious is the river with its mountains, its gorges, its spreading, rounded bays, its weather-worn precipices, its vast sweeps of skirting forest, its constant processions of picturesque vessels, its endless ranges of nestling hamlets, of busy towns and crowded cities! Once gliding down the majestic stream we feel that we have left stagnation behind, that the memory of the perishing season with



its honeyed flirtations, its nauseous draughts, its ceremonious absurdities, its social envies and heart-burnings, has gone, with "its dead bouquets and gloves," the way of all that is mortal, and is henceforth only to be remembered as a thing of the buried past. Somewhat of our pleasure in flying homewards must needs depend upon the bird that carries us, and here a word or two may seasonably be recorded about that of which so much has lately been said, the North River steamboats. We have no speculations to offer respecting the rights or wrongs of the recent disastrous collision. The officers of the *Vanderbilt* may have been culpable, or those of the *Richmond*, or *vice versa*, or, possibly, both together; the matter will receive official investigation, and we care not to anticipate the result. But one of the immediate consequences of the loss of the *Richmond*, and one in which we happened to be personally interested, was that of crowding to excess the opposition boat of the "People's Line," on the nights when the former craft, but for the casualty, would have made her trips. The new and very splendid steamboat called the *Drew* has been thus uncomfortably packed on these occasions of late and the public have suffered in consequence. Apart from this, and from the admitted fact that the *Drew* is one of the most magnificent vessels afloat, it must in candor be acknowledged that she is also one of the worst managed in which we have ever had the ill fortune to sail. The clerks are too few in number and therefore overworked and surly, the servants are ill-trained and insolent, the table is execrable, and even the very policemen at the Albany wharf are at once officious, presuming, and inefficient.

How far these troubles arose in the present instance from overcrowding we can only surmise; that they were entirely attributable to it, is out of the question. It seems to be taken for granted that, if a steamboat be furnished to the public which is best described as being sumptuously gaudy, every other care or provision for the comfort and convenience of passengers may safely be omitted. We entertain a different opinion, and think proper to condemn shortcomings which, under existing circumstances, are quite inexcusable. More passengers have been received by the *Drew* on recent trips than could possibly be accommodated with sleeping quarters, even with the, to other persons, rather objectionable resource of planting rows of beds in the grand saloon. The writer was sufficiently comfortable in this respect, as he had taken the precaution to secure a state-room at an early hour; but, in common with many others, he was kept waiting in a most unconscionable manner long after the boat left Albany before obtaining the key to his apartment, which, even when procured, involved the necessity for a series of abject entreaties, stern refusals, leading to a final sharp rejoinder and hard-won success. The idea of making people who have paid three dollars for a state-room dangle at the end of a queue of five hundred people while they go through a three hours' ceremony of ticket-buying, squabbling, and chaffing is simply preposterous. To be subjected to the brusque impertinences of servants who behave as if the passengers were so many cattle to be driven hither and thither at their beck and pleasure, or a mob of cow-boys who ought to be so much astonished at the sight of gilt-gingerbread as to have thought for nothing else, is equally so. A certain nuisance of another sort which is largely tolerated, if not directly encouraged, by the line to which the *Drew* belongs deserves attention and will receive it in another article. It is impossible in a single one to treat fairly either all the joys or all the woes to be experienced on the Hudson in autumn.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### STRICKEN, WOULD, SHOULD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your paper of September 21, under the head of *Notes and Queries*, I find this:

"As criticism of critics is now the fashion, please allow me to ask whether Mr. Gould does not violate good usage when he speaks of certain words or phrases as having been *stricken out*? This use of *stricken* for *struck* is, I believe, purely American; and Worcester, under the word *strike*, says: '*Stricken* is nearly obsolete, except as a participial adjective.' In my opinion, *stricken*, as above used, is on a par with *loan* for *lend* and *predicate* for *found* or *base*." J. P. K.

I would not call attention to the "belief" and "opinion" of your anonymous correspondent, if you, Mr. Editor, had not accredited them by a line of approval. I think you did so, however, without much reflection.

Your correspondent believes that the use of *stricken* for *struck* is American usage. He has a right to believe what he chooses to believe; but I think he would be puzzled to give a good reason for this belief. But, waving that point, as wholly immaterial, I object to the assumption, which, with a certain class of critics has be-

come common, that American usage is bad usage. With such critics, "Oh! that is an Americanism," solves and decides any philological question.

Your correspondent cites Worcester to show that my use of *stricken* is nearly obsolete. Well, what of that? Webster says that *stricken* is now less used than *struck*—which is much nearer the truth than Worcester's remark; but what of that, too? *Stricken* and *struck* are past participles of the verb to strike. They are synonymous words. *Stricken* means *struck*; and *struck* means *stricken*. Any writer may use either; and his use of either is correct. One of them has fallen into comparative disuse—more or less disuse. Some day that may be fully revived and the other may fall into disuse. I do not understand why any man should presume to prescribe a legitimate English word because some writers—few, or many, as the case may be—have ceased to use it. A word which has once been good English cannot cease to be so until it has so far passed out of use as to be unintelligible to an existing generation. And even then its use is inexpedient only.

But your correspondent is not content with saying that my use of *stricken* is purely American and is a violation of good usage. He goes further and fares worse. He says that the use of *stricken* for *struck* is, "in his opinion, on a par with the use of *predicate* for *found*." He is welcome to his opinion, but he ought to know where it leads him and leaves him.

*Predicate*, in the sense of *found*, is a mere vulgarism. It is a use of the word that betrays utter ignorance of its meaning on the part of him who so uses it. Hence, in the "opinion" of your correspondent, a matter of ignorance and a matter of taste are one and the same thing—or, as he expresses it, "are on a par" with each other!

I suppose that every man who is accustomed to write much for publication acquires a habit of selecting words, and of choosing those which he thinks will best balance his sentences. Sometimes a polysyllable strikes the ear more pleasantly than a monosyllable; and, sometimes, *vice versa*.

In the sentence to which, I suppose, your correspondent refers (*Good English*, page 154), I think that *stricken* is a better word than *struck*. Other people may think differently, and, if they do so, all that can properly be said is, "tastes differ." But, at any rate, the point is a mere matter of taste; and it is absurd for your correspondent to magnify it into a philological question.

I also find in the same paper (*The Round Table*, September 21) this:

"Macaulay, in one of his critiques, says that 'not one Londoner in a million ever misplaces his *will* and *shall*,' and he might have added, his *would* and *should*. But I am inclined to believe that in America scarcely one man in a million ever fails to misplace them. Mr. Moon has already referred to this peculiarity in American writers in one of his recent criticisms. The truth is, this vulgarism is getting to be an intolerable nuisance. We meet it everywhere. 'We *will* have universal bankruptcy within three months,' exclaims one of the most dashing and slashing of our Jefferson Bricks. 'We *will* be inevitably lost, unless,' etc., etc., cries a fashionable Whitefield. 'I *would* very much like to see,' etc., say half the persons you converse with and nine-tenths of the writers who figure so luminously in our daily prints—meaning, of course, 'I *should* like.'"

This is signed A. Cragin, Mobile, Alabama.

Observe, here, that what your correspondent says Macaulay "might have added," Macaulay did not add; therefore the real parties to the affirmative of this discussion are Mr. Moon and Mr. Cragin.

Mr. Moon's remark, to which Mr. Cragin refers, is: "Mr. Marsh, Mr. De Vere, and Mr. Gould use either *will* or *would* where an Englishman would use either *shall* or *should*." And he gives this single specification: "Mr. Moon says, page 212, 'I *would* like, now, to do so and so. Certainly this is not pure English.'" It thus appears that, in the matter of *would*, Mr. Moon and Mr. Cragin have hit upon instances, or illustrations, that are precisely alike. Mr. Cragin's second example—"we *will* inevitably be lost"—is precisely an instance of what Northern men are wont to call *Southern* peculiarity; so that, at Mobile, Mr. Cragin may "meet it everywhere." He certainly would not "meet it" among educated Northern men. His other instance—"we *will* have universal bankruptcy in three months"—if intended by its author to apply to an event that is *likely* to occur, independently of his agency, is wrong. But if he meant "we are bent on bringing on bankruptcy," "are determined to have bankruptcy," etc., the *will* is properly used.

Mr. Moon says that "I *would* like, now, to do so and so," should be "I *should* like to do so and so." My full sentence here referred to is: "I would like, now, briefly to call your attention to some remarks applicable generally to the manner and deportment of an officiating clergyman." Mr. Cragin says, "I *would* very much like to see," etc., should be, "I *should* very much like to see."

As neither of the gentlemen gives any reason for his position, and as each of them rests his case on his own dictum, without any argument or authority to support it, I might simply deny the two averments and leave the gentlemen to sustain them by something more than averments, if they can. But, as both of them are "a long way off," I will present my own views of the case, or cases, and await their rejoinders—if they are disposed to make any.

*Would* and *should* can be used in several different senses; and the general remark of both Mr. Moon and Mr. Cragin, that Americans improperly use the former for the latter, is too general to admit of its being either understood or answered. But each of the gentlemen gives one specification; and, as they each give but one, I infer that they intend to limit their remark to the use of *would* with the precedent personal pronoun, *I*. If the point is thus restricted, the question which of the two words is proper in any given case depends entirely on the meaning of the writer, or speaker, in that case; and not at all on the opinion of Mr. Moon or Mr. Cragin, as to what "an Englishman would say."

Mr. Cragin's example contains only a part of a sentence, yet, in my opinion, he quotes enough to disprove his position.

I have supplied the omitted words of Mr. Moon's example; and, in that case, there is no uncertainty as to the meaning. I mean that, as a matter of choice, option, will, "I *would* like to call attention," etc., and therefore my "would" is "pure English," Mr. Moon to the contrary notwithstanding. If I had said, "I *should* like," etc., my remark might be interpreted "I ought to like," or "I am under obligation to like;" but "I *would* like" makes misinterpretation impossible.

Not to speak it irreverently, I really do not see how either Mr. Cragin or Mr. Moon can escape this consequence of their criticism—namely, that in the thirty-seventh verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew "how often *would* I" ought to be changed to "how often *should* I." And I suppose that in that case, as in other cases, they would coolly defend their position by the same irresistible argument—"an Englishman would say *should*!"

EDWARD S. GOULD.

#### FOUR LETTERS FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Be pleased to stop sending *The Round Table* to my address. My subscription expires with No. 153. I send you six dollars, which pays from No. 101. You are welcome to the difference for the sake of the great pleasure the perusal of the paper (up to the last few numbers) has afforded me. I take occasion to say that I have influenced many to take *The Round Table*, and that I shall now influence them to stop it. You may like to know the reasons, and you shall have them. You have become openly, what I now doubt not you have long been secretly, the champion of Caesarism and the enemy of the rights of the people. You are prostituting your undeniable talents—which have made a success of a style of journal hitherto unsuccessful in this country—to the service of the aristocrats of the South, the vile spirit of caste disseminated by the slave power, and in so doing are recreant to the loyal, sweating millions who have poured out their blood and treasure to sustain the best government the world ever saw. I quit you with regret, for *The Round Table* supplied me with intellectual food I cannot find elsewhere; but I care not to continue my association with a publication I have ceased to respect, and which has evidently been sold out to the miserable remnant of the Democratic party. Of course you will not dare to print this letter, although I should have no objection. I therefore sign myself

Yours, etc.,

J. B. RANDOLPH.

BALTIMORE, September 23, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: As one of your earliest and most constant friends, I beg you to allow me the liberty of expressing very hearty approval of the leading article in your last number, on *The Condition of the South*. Of the substantial truth of the facts upon which your views are based and from which your deductions are drawn, it seems painfully impossible any longer to entertain a doubt. That the material interests, the social order, and the general welfare of a large portion of our fellow-countrymen have been put in imminent danger for the sake of party and of personal aggrandizement, seems too plain to be disputed. That the subversion of the first principles of republican government, the introduction of hostile issues into all social relations, and the checking of material development in ten great states must react with appalling effect upon the rest of the country, is capable of the easiest demonstration. In our immediate future, then, are some of the gravest and most trying questions which have ever been presented for the decision of a people and their government. The true nature of the issues to be tried and decided are skillfully concealed from view; and from one false step to another the people are lured on to dangers which grow greater and more complicated day by day. Mr. Johnson's most unfortunate course gives but too much ground for working this popular deception, and it is easily made to appear that the only issue before the people is endorsement or disapproval of his temper, his conduct, his counsellors, and his "policy." For separating the real questions from their accidental surroundings, for setting them forth with unsurpassed vigor, for risking popularity with some (as you perhaps do), for your bold denunciation of the folly and the crime of our recent legislation, for daring to do justice to the bearing of the



great mass of the Southern people, for rising above the passions of the hour and taking a truly statesmanlike view of the situation, and for calling vigorously upon the people to come to the rescue ere it be too late, you must have the sincere, hearty, and lasting gratitude of every reflecting reader.

Excuse the liberty I have taken, and believe me to be, dear sir, your obliged servant,  
HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 19, 1867.

CLERICUS.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: It grieves many of the friends—staunch ones, too,—of *The Round Table* to see an article in the last number which for partisan bitterness rivals the editorials of *The Chicago Times* or *Cincinnati Enquirer*. Former articles have been accepted gratefully, because, whatever the opinion regarding them, their fairness could hardly be questioned, especially by those whose reason still remains superior to their partisan bitterness. But this article is wrong. Its propositions are false, its conclusions are unfounded, its logic, lunacy. "It cannot and it will not come to good."

These are plain words, but they are true and fervent ones, and may be forgiven in one who has ever been a warm and earnest defender of *The Round Table*. This from a Conservative Republican, whose knowledge of facts in the South outweighs a regiment of theories; whose warmest personal friends are members of the "ostracized" class who are "not permitted to register," but who, much as he laments the unseemly hate and bitterness of a Wendell Phillips, is equally ready to condemn the ungrounded reasonings or ravings of *The Old Guard*, *The Day Book*, and—shall it be said in so disreputable a connection?—*The Round Table*.

VALPARAISO, Ind., Sept. 16, 1867.

## NEGRO CONGRESSMEN.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: You have but little idea how universally the notion prevails not only in Georgia, but throughout the cotton states, that an almost unbroken delegation of negro senators and representatives will be returned to Congress when the time comes to hold the election.

It is no less strange than true that the only class who oppose this election are the white radicals, and as they amount to about one in forty of the voting population, you can plainly see what the result will be. The negroes, of course, will vote for their own color without a dissenting voice (*nemine contradicente*). The white people say let us hold the state officers and govern Georgia and let the blacks go to Washington, and, in conjunction with the radicals, do with federal affairs as they like.

There will be a negro candidate in every congressional district in Georgia, and if there is any opposition it will come from the source I have indicated. As a general rule, negroes will be elected who do not know where Washington is. Such is the plain, unvarnished truth.

MACON, Ga., Sept. 18, 1867.

GRAFTON.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in *THE ROUND TABLE* must be sent to the office.

## THE QUEEN'S BOOK.\*

THE rarity of royal authorship would of itself be enough to make this volume the object of public curiosity; for, in spite of the modesty of the title-page, it is essentially the work of Queen Victoria. But a frank picture of the interior and domestic life of royalty furnished by royalty itself is unique in literature.

This first volume carries down Prince Albert's history to the first year after his marriage. His childhood is described in extracts from family letters and a diary of his own, his youth principally by his letters, and his life in England from memoranda of the Queen's.

That any certain indication of the character of the man can be drawn from the whims and peculiarities of the child is mostly a delusion. Half of the great men of the world were at the foot of their classes at school, and youthful precocity is generally a forerunner only of mature stupidity. The boy who robes himself in a sheet, ties a white handkerchief around his neck, and reads solemnly out of a big book to his younger brothers may, perhaps, become a shining light in the Church, but may also, like Charlotte Brontë's brother, turn out a scapegrace; and the naughty boy who does all the mischief in the town may, with about equal uncertainty, be prophesied to be a predestined jail-bird or the coming ornament of his age. Yet, nevertheless, the prefiguring of the man by the child is one of those bosom fancies which, however often shown to have only a precarious foundation, is still cherished just as affectionately. With none the less intensity of interest do fond relatives record the budding

\* *The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort*. Compiled, under the direction of her Majesty the Queen, by Lieut.-General the Hon. C. Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1867.

characteristics of the infant and turn back to them again from the life of the man. Dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses have, of course, the same curious human nature as the rest of mankind; and so we must not wonder at finding two full chapters given to the babyhood and childhood of the young Albert; that the world should be informed how at ten months old he had seven teeth, already could walk and say papa and mamma—in short, "was a little prodigy;" how he was feverish when teething, how handsome he was with his fair curls and blue eyes, how he alarmed his grandmother on a visit to her by an attack of the cramp, how he rejoiced instead of crying when he was taken from his nurse and given up to the charge of a tutor at the dangerously early age of four, how he kept a journal when he was six years old and what he wrote in it, how he had the whooping cough and the scarlet fever, etc., etc. The fond details of all these little incidents, the dwelling on these common domestic experiences, is not without a certain charm. To many there will be a very great charm in finding it in a queen's book and a prince's biography. The picture is indeed a natural and healthy one. The extracts from young Albert's diary have some touches of naïve ingenuousness which are very pleasing. Here are a few tastes:

"23d JANUARY.  
"When I awoke this morning I was ill. My cough was worse. I was so frightened that I cried. Half the day I remained in bed, and only got up at three o'clock in the afternoon. I did a little drawing, and then I built a castle and arranged my arms; after that I did my lessons, and made a little picture and painted it. Then I played with Noah's ark, then we dined, and I went to bed and prayed."

"26th FEBRUARY.  
"I cried at my lesson to-day because I could not find a verb; and the Rath pinched me to show me what a verb was. And I cried about it."

"9th APRIL.  
"I got up well and happy; afterward I had a fight with my brother. . . . After dinner we went to the play. It was *Walden's Lager*, and they carried out a monk."

This journal was kept up till about Prince Albert's tenth year. Extracts from his letters supply its place for the remaining part of his boyhood and youth. There is nothing marked in the letters, however. His childhood was passed mostly at the Rosenau, a summer residence of the ducal family, four miles from Coburg, a place to which he always remained very much attached. Afterward the winters were spent either at Coburg or Gotha. As a boy, all accounts concur in representing Albert as quite handsome, the pet of the family, a leader among his mates, merry, fond of practical jokes and mimicry, yet kind-hearted, thoughtful for others, affectionate, earnest-minded, fond of study, and irresistibly sleepy in the evening, which last peculiarity followed him through life. His favorite diversions were chess, private theatricals, deer-stalking, and the collection of specimens of natural history.

While they were still children the Dowager Duchess of Coburg had fondly looked forward to seeing her two beloved grandchildren, Albert and the Flower of May, as she liked to call the little Princess Victoria, one day united in marriage. Prince Albert used to relate that "when he was a child three years old his nurse always told him he should marry the queen, and that when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her." As the children grew up, the idea was encouraged by their uncle, the King of the Belgians. In 1836 the Duke of Coburg, with his two sons, visited England and spent four weeks at Kensington Palace with the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. Prince Albert, on his return to Germany, entered as a student at Bonn, where he studied diligently for a year and a half; then travelled in Switzerland and Northern Italy till 1839. In 1838 King Leopold had proposed the marriage to Victoria, who had then ascended the throne. The proposition was favorably entertained, but it was desired to defer a decision; and Prince Albert's youth, it was thought, made a postponement of the marriage desirable. Both Prince Albert and his father, however, were unwilling to let things remain long in such a *status quo*, and in 1839 Prince Albert came again to England with the intention, as he afterwards told her, of telling the Queen that if she could not yet make up her mind, she must understand that he could not wait any longer for a decision. But he was saved from the necessity of saying this by the frank declaration which the Queen, with the honorable freedom from false modesty, bravely assuming the part which, generally belonging to the man, her exceptional position called for from her, made to him on the fifth day after his arrival. "The Queen," says Prince Albert, describing the event to his grandmother—"the Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart and would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her. . . . The joyous openness of manner with which she told me this quite enchanted me, and

I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure heaven has not given us into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together."

The union was a most happy and fortunate one for the young Queen. She had the unusual privilege of royalty of at once gratifying her private affections and satisfying the requirements of the state. "A worse school for a young girl," says the Queen in one of her memoranda, "or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a queen at eighteen without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience." In Prince Albert she gained the counsellor and support she needed. He made it his principle of action to accept no power by himself or for himself, but to devote himself to serving his wife quietly and privately, to watch every part of the public business, and be always ready to advise and assist the Queen in all the multifarious and difficult questions, political, social, and personal, brought before her. To say as it has been said, that "if the Prince had lived to attain what we now think a good old age, he would inevitably have become the most accomplished statesman and the most guiding personage in Europe," is the exaggeration of personal friendship. He had, however, a clear and well-balanced mind, a resolute will, and a natural nobility of character. An illustration of his strength of will, interesting to Americans, is his rousing himself in December, 1861, when suffering under the prostration of his last fatal illness, to write a memorandum for the Queen on the communication which the government was to make to the United States in regard to the *Trent* affair, a memorandum which, influencing the tone of the government communication, had a material effect in preventing a rupture between the two nations.

Prince Albert's position in England, as the husband yet subject of the Queen, a foreigner in perhaps the most complicated and anomalous political and social system in Europe, was a very difficult one. It was one which subjected him to much misconception and misrepresentation. This difficulty of his position he plainly foresaw, and before his marriage wrote to Baron Stockmar what, in his opinion, he must make the groundwork of his position, viz., "an individuality, a character which shall win the respect, the love, and the confidence of the Queen and of the nation." "This individuality," he goes on, "gives security for the disposition which prompts the actions, and even should mistakes occur, they will more easily be pardoned on account of the personal character, while even the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who is not capable of inspiring confidence."

This noble groundwork of his position, to see and indicate which so clearly shows more than usual discernment in a youth of twenty, Prince Albert kept ever in view, and the sterling character he thus wrought out secures for him enduring respect and the name of one of the worthiest princes England has ever had; although, doubtless, if he had been less solicitous for the spotlessness of his reputation, if he had allowed himself to mix more freely in general society, if he had made himself more common with the populace, it would have been better for his temporary popularity.

We have said that the book was a unique one in literary history. In its special features it is so. But in a broad view it is one of a constantly increasing class of social phenomena, only another illustration of a modern tendency. We refer to the tendency to the disappearance of the walls between rulers and people, to the abandonment of the screens guarding the majesty of royalty, to the giving up of the ancient notions of the inherent dignity, right, or authority of royalty. Crowned heads, aware that they are now looked upon by the intelligent public as in no respect different from the rest of mankind, voluntarily exhibit themselves as such, seek honor by competing with their subjects in the ordinary channels of life, and ask for approval and respect by exhibiting their personal claims instead of commanding it as due to their station. It is a singular phenomenon. It seems at the first glance a most unwise course for royalty to thus aid this levelling modern tendency. This book of Queen Victoria's, it is maintained, is politically a grave mistake. It is argued that the hold of royalty upon the English people depends upon the illusion prevalent among the lower and part of the middle classes as to the actual personal services of the occupant of the throne in the government of the nation; and this book, it is said, by revealing the fact that the occupant of the throne does nothing of importance in directing the affairs of state, and by showing the royal family as only ordinary people of ordinary intelligence, will lead these classes to the conclusion that the institution of royalty does not pay its cost. But those who did not know



already the elementary fact that the sovereign of the constitutional monarchy of England could only, without abusing the prerogatives of the office, nominally govern the country, would not be very likely to read the Queen's book, or, reading it, to draw the apprehended inferences. That the book reveals the Queen as only a person of ordinary ability, would be a good objection were she a sovereign not constitutionally restricted in her political powers to a few unimportant functions. It is nothing against the occupant of a position so strictly limited to its duties that it requires but ordinary intelligence—so limited, in fact, that it furnishes no room for the exercise of brilliancy of talents or greatness of mind—that that occupant shows herself possessed of nothing more than that ordinary intelligence. The position of the constitutional monarch of England is that of a personal object for loyalty and respect, a permanent embodiment of public authority, the national representative, the leader of society. For such a position character is more desirable than mind. The great current that is everywhere destroying the old notions of the peculiar sacredness and inherent exaltedness of royalty cannot be turned back or stopped by barriers of exclusion or by resort to ceremonies and trappings. The only thing of avail is to voluntarily join in the irresistible tide and give it direction. In showing to the public her tender and devoted heart, her exemplary conjugal affection and domestic virtues, the beneficial influence of herself and the Prince Consort in purifying and elevating the tone of the court, and through that the national morality; in laying before the public their simple tastes, their scrupulous conscientiousness, their assistance in benevolent enterprises, the complete devotion of the Prince Consort to the Queen and the interests of his adopted country, his faithfulness as a husband, his position as sole confidential adviser of the Queen on all subjects, and the impartiality, inflexible rectitude, and soundness of judgement with which he exercised the function; his beneficial influence in the government and in the development of the arts and sciences, an influence so quietly exercised that it was but little known during his life; the nobility of character, the solid worth, of the husband whom Victoria mourns,—in laying these before the public in the simple and unreserved way she does, Queen Victoria will be sure to win increased respect for herself and her lamented consort, and greater indulgence for her grief and for the reluctances with which she now meets the public duties of her position. It is, to be sure, not quite logical that her deficiencies as queen should be excused by her devotion as a wife. But half the world, and particularly the British Philistine, to use Matthew Arnold's favorite word, do not act with logical consistency. The British Philistine has almost a positive attachment for inconsistencies and anomalies. Practical as he is, he is governed more by sentiment and association than by reason. One need only recall the name of Charles the First to see of what strong avail domestic virtues are to gain excuse for public delinquencies, even for public crimes.

Incidentally, too, but not of course without design, there are dropped by the Queen in foot-notes what are direct apologies for her court deficiencies and social delinquencies; mention, viz., of the physical trial that late hours were to the Prince Consort, the injury which the Queen's health suffered from the weight and thickness of the London atmosphere, the serious and practical turn of mind and the simple tastes that made fashionable gayeties and public ceremonials irksome to both. With a people so fond of country and domestic life as the English, and in reference to whose fashionable gayeties it was, we believe, that Sir George Cornwall Lewis said that "this world would be a very pleasant place if it wasn't for its amusements," these excuses will have considerable weight.

It seems to us, therefore, that the Queen's book will rather strengthen than weaken her hold upon the people, and we take leave of it by recommending it to our readers as affording a couple of hours' very pleasant reading.

#### QUAKERS.\*

ONE Quaker book is so much like all others that we might fairly content ourselves with a reference to our account of the last work of the kind which came before us for review.† But in that, which was but a new edition of one more than twenty years old, Mr. Hodgson made no attempt at a complete history, while such

"memoirs" as he gave were only of men and events prior to this century. Mr. Janney, on the other hand, has not only brought his narrative—or what in ordinary cases would be a narrative—to a later period, but has so extended the scope of his work as to make it what will probably be the accepted history of Quakerism. On this account it seems entitled to more than a cursory examination, and we have endeavored to give it a thorough one, at the cost of the most intolerably wearisome reading we have ever encountered in anything that might by courtesy be called English.

Mr. Hodgson we thought had made as dull a book as a sensible and not illiterate man could make; but Mr. Janney, who beside this has written lives of George Fox and William Penn, fairly beats him in quality, while as to quantity there are four volumes of him to one of Mr. Hodgson. It is not only that his style is simply bad, but his book is composed of a patchwork of disconnected incidents, the only variation in whose dull, unbroken monotony consists of occasional budgets of obituary notices of commonplace pious people, like those printed by our Methodist contemporaries, who regard us with a sort of incredulous horror because of our inability to derive edification therefrom—an infliction which, under the guise of "brief memorials concerning the exemplary lives and triumphant deaths" of obscure and unheard-of people, our author forces upon us as calculated "to preserve from oblivion the names [and such names!] of those who are justly entitled to a place among the memorials of the righteous." In addition to this Mr. Janney's habitual dialect is a jargon such as we supposed peculiar to Chadbands and Stigginses and the lower grade of itinerant revivalists. He tells us how George Fox was led by an impression of religious duty, how his mind underwent a most painful religious exercise, how William Dewsbury's mouth was livingly opened, how John Burnyeat was greatly humbled and contrited, how Daniel Gould spoke to the affecting and tendering of the hearts of many, how Mary Dyer enjoyed the sweet incomes and the refreshings of the spirit, how sundry missionaries found much openness for service, how Thomas Chalkley was rewarded with the aboundings of divine consolation, how Samuel Neale "often sat under the descendings of divine love, in which we felt much tenderness and brokenness of spirit, and therein grew in virtue and greenness, . . . and in spiritual richness," while from the way in which he recurs to it he evidently finds something admirable in this passage from George Fox: "Oh, the brokenness that was amongst them in the flowings of life! so that in the power and spirit of the Lord many together have broken out in singing, even with audible voices, making melody in their hearts." Among divers other singular usages is a habit of speaking briefly of his heroes, as of G. Fox, Alex'r Jaffray, a custom which inevitably recalls A. Ward's manner of invoking A. Lincoln and G. Washington. His most remarkable characteristic, however, is a power of giving preternatural dullness to persons and events in which we might more easily than not have been made to take an interest—even Mrs. Fry, Joseph John Gurney, and Lindley Murray under his descriptions becoming bores, while of Thomas Shillitoe, whose career Mr. Tallack's little book shows to have been a very striking and useful one and to which Mr. Hodgson accorded the dignity of a chapter all to itself, Mr. Janney, probably in order not to dispel the pervading atmosphere of stupidity, declines to give an account.

We shall not, following our present author, again go over the story of the persecutions encountered by the Quakers in Great Britain and the even more fiendish ill-usage which the Massachusetts Puritans, incited by the ministers of a brutal orthodoxy, inflicted upon them. It is satisfactory to find one of the sufferers boldly challenging the legality of their proceedings, denying the existence of "any law in England to hang Quakers," and forcing the ruffian Endicott to shelter himself under the pitiful subterfuge that "There is a law to hang Jesuits." The clergy, animated by a spirit not yet extinct in New England though decrepit, were foremost in this godly work. One Quaker having been so beaten that the physician declared his case hopeless and that "the flesh would rot off his bones before the bruised parts could be brought to digest," the clergyman, John Norton, interposed between the jailor and popular indignation with the remark, "William Brend has endeavored to beat our gospel ordinances black and blue; if he then be beaten black and blue, it is but just upon him, and I will appear in his behalf that did so." It is with positive pleasure that we find this bloodhound of Zion, when arraigned in England for his crimes, denying his participation in such deeds until confronted by one of his mutilated victims, and read that his "spirit that had been haughty and vindictive toward the meek confessors of spiritual religion showed itself to be cringing

and obsequious before the incumbents of power," inasmuch that on his return to New England he was met with manifestations of disgust which "brought him," in the words of Neale, "into such a melancholy habit of body as hastened his death." The atrocities practised upon the Quakers in both Old and New England were simply infamous and admit of no excuse. Yet it must be acknowledged that the victims not only courted but were quite as much responsible for them as the men by whom they were inflicted, although to the charge that "the Quakers rushed on the sword, and so were suicides," Mr. Bancroft has retorted that "The men who held the sword were accessories to the crime." The whole earlier career of the sect was calculated simply to subvert all social order. They refused to pay taxes, to observe the "Sabbath," to comply with the forms of the courts, or submit to their sentences when they considered them unjust; they broke in upon church services, denounced the clergy as "hirelings," and in a word attached to their own inward light an authority higher than that of any human laws. Our author acknowledges that it was not until a comparatively late period that "they saw the propriety of conforming to the civil law when it did not contravene their duty to God." Instances of this meet us on every page, and Mr. Janney even now seems to think their defiance of laws not merely salutary but absolutely essential to the peace of society abundantly condoned by the consideration—mentioned in the case of their refusal to be legally married—that, "being led by a sense of religious duty, they were willing to encounter all the obloquy that ensued." It evidently never occurring to him that the whole tendency of their course was to bring about a total disregard of authority and something very like anarchy and chaos. Accordingly, we find our sympathy claimed for people who refused to pay taxes on the ground that they went to the support of a "hireling clergy," and were very properly imprisoned for doing so; who, on being convicted of disorders, refused to pay the fines and lay for months in jail; who, on being banished and removed two or a dozen times from a place, forthwith returned thither the moment they were at liberty. Yet we are constantly met by the assertion of the illegality of punishments inflicted upon them, or of the failure of the law to protect them, in the face of the patent fact that by their deliberate disregard of the law they put themselves beyond its pale and forfeited all claim upon it. Equally unreasonable is the complaint that "on such frivolous grounds [meaning the hat business and *thee* and *thou*] did those sanctimonious Pharisees [the Puritans] proceed to inflict on an innocent and peaceable people the extreme penalty of banishment or death." Without in the least apologizing for the revolting bigotry and ferocity of the Puritans, it is impossible not to feel that on the whole the greater absurdity was with those who, "on such frivolous grounds," agitated peaceful communities, and invited punishment by what everywhere was instinctively regarded as highly offensive, and stolidly persisted in doing the same stupid things and bringing upon themselves the same unreasonable punishment.

It is less astonishing that in an age when all England seemed to go crazy there should have been developed the particular form of lunacy from which Quakerism was evolved, than that its votaries should have found such moral support in a system so largely made up of mean and contemptible details—vagaries of grammatical solecisms, eccentricities of dress, ostentatious abstinence from accepted customs, a saturnine, gloomy manner of life and habit of mind—matters which it would seem must needs have appeared small even to the narrow and ignorant creatures who alone at first were impressed by them. Of a piece with all this were the belief in miracles, in a sort of spiritual precocity which led to children not yet in their teens becoming "ministers," in direct guidance from above in the most ordinary affairs, and excesses which it is difficult to credit of the sect now so respectable and sedate. Yet we find Mr. Janney, evidently a well-informed and enlightened member of his Society, narrating any quantity of this stuff with manifest approval, even while he evinces a keen perception of the folly of the same sort of thing in non-Quakers—of the wickedness of the Puritan's fanaticism, but of nothing that is not admirable in the Friends'. The follies of recalcitrant Quakers are very apparent to him. Telling us of one couple who so far improved upon the Society's custom of dispensing with legal marriage as to refuse to employ that of the Society, he adds that "there was no reasonable excuse for this deviation from the established order, which is beautiful and salutary." After approvingly describing the incursions by some scores of his heroes into church services, he acquaints us with the annoyance from Quakers who indulged in "shouting, halloing, and rapping, to the great disturbance of the

\* I. History of the Religious Society of Friends, from its rise to the year 1828. By Samuel M. Janney. 4 vols. Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell. 1859-1867.  
II. Thomas Shillitoe, the Quaker Missionary and Temperance Pioneer. By William Tallack. London: S. W. Partridge; New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1867.  
III. George Fox. An Address delivered to the Society of Friends. By C. H. Spurgeon. Philadelphia: Henry Longstreth. 1867.  
† Select Historical Memoirs of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers. By William Hodgson. See The Round Table, Vol. V., No. 112, March 16, 1867.



[Quaker] congregation," which had them fined and imprisoned [!] and he very properly observes that "it is truly wonderful that an annoyance so distressing . . . did not lay waste the meeting"—a reflection which never presented itself in the case of church services broken in upon by Quakers. He introduces as evidence that certain persons' "pernicious and absurd conduct was calculated to bring reproach upon their profession" the fact that "under pretence of plainness [they] caused books to be printed in which not one capital letter could be found; even proper names being denied this distinction," certainly no greater innovation than the refusal of titles, while throughout his own book *Bible* is spelled with a small *b*. Great annoyance, he explains, was occasioned Friends by a ranter who visited their meetings with "his face blacked, saying it was his justification and sanctification," whereupon "William Edmundson was, through divine aid, enabled to bear an effectual testimony against this woful delusion"—an absurdity by no means so great as many of those perpetrated by Fox and innumerable of his sectaries, in reference to whom Mr. Spurgeon in his dexterous and *ad captandum* address finds it necessary to deprecate our charging "to George Fox all the eccentricities and the wildnesses which were to be seen in some of his immediate followers."

In reading the lives of these men and regarding their heroic fortitude and abnegation, it is impossible to doubt their sincerity in absurdities that now seem little less than incredible. To these were attributable the immediate and universal attention they excited, and, in the then spiritual turmoil of men's minds, the consequent rapid growth of the sect. But it also followed that a system so largely constructed of petty formalities and details had not the element of permanence to enable it to endure neglect as it had done persecution. Hardly has Mr. Janney very tediously got the first generation of Quakers into their graves than he has to lament the decay of the Society in earnestness and character. "A considerable number," he tells us, "retained the ancient plainness of language and habit, and, rigidly censorious of any deviation therefrom, valued themselves thereupon, as if it were the only test and badge of discipleship; while their hearts were gone after their covetousness in eagerly pursuing and sordidly hoarding temporal wealth." Manifestly that spiritual advance which is the only safeguard against decline could not coexist with the inevitable dwarfing of the mind by persistent dwelling upon things beneath the consideration of reasonable men. It is not surprising, therefore, that a century later we find Quakerism characterized by what Mr. Janney would call a deadness, which needed the awakening influence of such a practical and earnest missionary as Thomas Shillitoe, a man whose rare virtues and efficiency were accompanied by weaknesses that it would be mild to term eccentricities, and whose very remarkable work is set forth with admirable candor and interest in Mr. Talack's little book. We have dwelt so long upon the least admirable aspect of this interesting people that we cannot enlarge as we would like to do upon those other features in their character which entitle them to our reverent regard. Alone of religious bodies their career has been morally without a blemish. To the exceptional probity, which has known no decline from their earliest history to the present, Voltaire narrates a tribute which deserves remembrance. "Cromwell," he says, "voyant que leur nombre augmentait tous les jours, voulut les attirer à son parti; il leur fit offrir de l'argent, mais ils furent incorruptibles; et il dit un jour que cette religion était la seule contre laquelle il n'avait pu prévaloir avec des guinées." In this country most deservedly no sect has received more unmingled public confidence and respect, and perhaps none, despite their numerical inferiority, has contributed more substantially to our national prosperity. It is therefore a matter for regret that, purged as it is of the ridiculous features which once encumbered it, Quakerism is still characterized by something unprogressive which prevents its adapting itself to the spirit of the age, so that, after many years during which it has done no more than numerically hold its own, and a shorter period which shows actual loss, it seems evident that in one or at most two generations this most estimable body must become extinct.

#### ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.\*

THIS is—to borrow a sentence from a well-known German writer—a good story well told. It is the production of a man of cultivated mind, of sterling sense, of keen appreciation of humor, of tender sympathies, of truly poetic feeling. There is nothing startling or sensational about the book; it will, perhaps, fail to amuse those who find in reading only a recreation for idle hours; it

\**Alec Forbes of Howglen: A Novel.* By George Macdonald, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1867.

will awaken no enthusiastic admiration, nor acquire immediate popularity; but it will win its way by slow and sure degrees, appealing to thoughtful readers by its purity of tone, the elevation of its teachings, the touching simplicity of its narration.

Unlike many stories of humble life, there are in this no painful contrasts between rich and poor, no powerful oppressions, no ground-down tenantry; the people are all working people, certainly, but industrious, thriving, and contented with their condition; and in the delineation of their several characters lies the author's great skill. Mr. Macdonald possesses to a wonderful degree the art of getting into the recesses of a child's heart; its little sorrows, its hopes and tiny aspirations, even its simple recreations, assume a deep interest in his eyes, and he has produced a series of charming little pictures drawn with extreme care and with an affectionate tenderness which never carries him beyond the bounds of truth. We have not found for many a day anything more touching in its pure and rugged simplicity, its absolute truth to nature, than the story of poor little Annie Anderson's early days, her sad experience on leaving home after the death of her father, and the harsh treatment to which she is compelled for awhile to submit from her hard and greedy relative, of whose house she becomes an inmate. At the parish school she meets Alec Forbes, a fine manly boy who does his best to protect the poor little orphan girl from the miseries and injustices to which she is exposed. Alec is, of course, the hero of the book, and a wonderful person in Annie's estimation; and when he and Curly begin to build a boat she is sorely perplexed on account of her inability to help them, but, finding that work is sometimes lightened by amusement, she applies herself to learning ballads, which she recites to their evident delight. Her character grows with the story, and in her strange theological perplexities and her touching care of old blind Tibbie the author has shown that he possesses, in an eminent degree, the art of finding poetry in the most prosaic scenes of life. Tibbie is one of those quaint old women who seem to be indigenous to the soil of Scotland. After Thomas Crann has been endeavoring to persuade her that her blindness saves her from beholding many things which trouble those who see, he tells her of an encounter which he had just had with two boys. He says:

"They were fechtin' i' the verra street; ruggin' ane another's heids, an' pegg'in' at ane another's noses, an' doin' their verra endeavor to destroy the image o' the Almichty—it wasna muckle o' 't that was left to bairn. I teuk and throosh them bath."

"An' what cam' o' the image o' the Almichty?" asked Tibbie, with a grotesque contortion of her mouth and a roll of her veiled eye-balls. "I doot, Thomas," she continued, "ye angert yersel' mair nor ye qualetit them wi' the thrashin'. The wrath o' man, ye ken, Thomas, worketh not the richtyteness o' God."

"There was not a person in Glammerton who would have dared to speak thus to Thomas Crann but Tibbie Dyster, perhaps because there was not one who had such a respect for him. Possibly the darkness about her made her bolder; but I think it was her truth, which is another name for love, however unlike love the outcome may look, that made her able to speak in this fashion."

Those who are acquainted with the peculiar traits of Scotch people in the humbler walks of life will appreciate the power and fidelity with which Mr. Macdonald has drawn the strongest character in his story. The blending of practical goodness and solid intellect, of tender sympathy and harsh judgement, in the mind of Thomas Crann, the rigid Calvinist, is shown with marvellous skill. He is the prominent figure in a by no means insignificant group; profound in his devotion, logical in his reasonings, severe towards himself as well as others, the austere member of the Missionary Kirk belongs to a class but little known beyond the borders of Scotland, and never better represented than in the present work, which would be incomplete as a portraiture of Lowland life without such a character. To an unfortunate miller who complains that it's hard that his mill should be swept away by the torrent—

"Hard?" retorted Thomas with indignation. "Hoo daur ye sae sic a thing! Here has ye been stickin' yer bit water-wheel i' the midst o' ane o' the Lord's burnes, and the Lord has ca'd it to roon and roon for you and yer forbes aboon a hunner year, and ye've grun' yer breid out o' 't an' the breid o' yer tairns, and noo whauns it i' the Lord's gait, and he maun hae mair roon to send doon the waters frae his hills, ye grumle an' compleen at the spate that's been foredecen't frae the verra black mark o' e'er nity. What wad ye think o' a ba'rn gaein' compleenin' o' you 'cause your back-water had ta'en awa' his wheellie o' rashes whar it was whurlin' bonnie afore ye liftit the sluice?"

He then proceeds to advise the miller that, as his mill is in great extremity, he had best go home and pray.

"Pray to God aboot an auld meal-mull?" said Simon with indignation. "Deed, I winna be sae ill-bred!"

"And so saying he turned and went home, leaving Thomas muttering:

"Gin a body wad pray aboot onything, they micht, maybe, tak' a likin' tili' it. A prayer may do a body guid when it's no jist o' the kin' to be a'thegither acceptable to the min' o' the Almichty. But I doot his ear's glog for any prayer that gangs up his gait."

The sketch of the schoolmaster, Mallison, is true to nature; fully impressed with the axiom that "he who spareth the rod spoileth the child," he made it a rule al-

ways to give his pupils "their whups weel," until at last he carried his severity to an extent which he regretted to the last day of his life. The chapter in which his miserable failure in the pulpit is described is very good, and there was little wonder that his pupils experienced a small degree of triumph when their tormentor became a "stickit minister." Cupples, the college librarian, is another excellent character. A good scholar and a hard drinker, with a heart overflowing with kindness and a genuine love of humor not unmingled with devotion, he is a very strange compound, and yet, such as he is, he is a truthful representation of a poor Scotch scholar, who fancies that the blue skies tell him that he was foolish to care about the strife and troubles of the world; "for a' was quiet aboon, whatever stramash they micht be makin' doon here i' the cellars o' the speeritual creation."

The works of Burns and Scott have made us acquainted with much of the dialect used by the lowland Scotch, of which Mr. Macdonald says:

"I do not, however, allow that the Scotch is a *patois* in the ordinary sense of the word. For had not Scotland a living literature, and that a high one, when England could produce none, or next to none—I mean in the fifteenth century? But old age and the introduction of a more polished form of utterance have given to the Scotch all the other advantages of a *patois* in addition to its own directness and simplicity."

There are in this and other works by the same author touches which none but a man of genius can give, and which require a comprehensive knowledge of human nature to appreciate; there is a strength and spiritual beauty about some of his characters which has seldom been surpassed, while those of minor importance are distinguished by idiosyncrasies of thought and language which make each one of them seem to have a real existence.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

**CALLED to Account.** By Miss Annie Thomas. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.—We can scarcely congratulate Miss Thomas on the change which has come over the spirit of her writings, for, in abandoning the fast men and women in whom she was wont to take delight, she has substituted in their stead a set of unmitigable bores. With the exception of Leonie—whom we must consider the heroine, and who seems to be always in danger of perpetrating some indecorum—the people who are thrown together in the course of the story seem to be not only exceedingly incongruous, but spiritless and tiresome, with but one peculiarity, which they share in common, namely, that of marrying the wrong person. In the opening chapter we have a glowing description of the beautiful Frances Burgoyne, whose "dark-lashed, violet eyes," and other personal attractions have won the heart of the very prosaic but well-meaning rich merchant, Mr. Pollock. The mother of Frances, having centred all her affections in her son Percy, a "fair-haired, violet-eyed boy of seventeen," sees in her daughter's approaching marriage a means of bettering his fortunes, and the wedding accordingly takes place. During the five years which succeed this event, Percy, who prefers the Pollock mansion to his mother's small but well appointed house at Penge, passes the greater part of his time in his sister's society, to the manifest annoyance of her husband, who objects to cigar-smoke, late hours, and spirit-stirring strains which wake the baby. All at once a change occurs in the household which seems to be of trifling importance at first, but eventually threatens its destruction. Miss Clara Dennet, a cousin of Mr. Pollock's, is invited to become an inmate of the establishment, and although her conduct is free from the slightest tinge of impropriety, the influence she exercises is pernicious in its effects upon the whole family.

"For all her fawning, fluctuating voice, and for all the intense actual truthfulness of her words, Miss Dennet rarely said agreeable things. The truths she told were never sweet, but they were terribly incontrovertible, which again put others in the wrong and herself in the right on most occasions."

About this time the house next to Mrs. Burgoyne's is taken possession of by a Captain Hamilton, whose family consists of a beautiful daughter, a son, but recently promoted to the rank of commander in the navy, and Miss Leonie Geneste, the daughter of a deceased friend. At the time of their arrival Claude Hamilton was absent on duty, having bidden Leonie "farewell with a very vivid tinge of sorrow round his blue eyes," and Leonie is occupying her time in the somewhat dangerous amusement of flirting with a cousin who is engaged to be married. Percy Burgoyne, of course, falls in love with Mabel Hamilton, and only discovers Leonie's superiority after he becomes engaged to her friend. Leonie, too, is not happy in the anticipation of marrying Claude, who is really the only consistent lover in the book. Percy marries Mabel, and then the real interest of the story commences. We cannot but admire the adroit manner in which Miss Thomas manages one of the most dangerous scenes which could possibly occur in a novel, and the gradual development of Leonie's character under circumstances of peculiar difficulty is artistically and carefully worked out. There is throughout no lack of generous feeling or powerful



thought, but we are disappointed at the absence of any improvement in style, and vexed at the slovenly manner in which a lady possessing genuine talent is content to perform so much of her work.

*Elise's Married Life.* By Mrs. Mackenzie Dantels. Philadelphia: T. D. Peterson & Brothers.—The present work is decidedly superior to the former productions of the same authoress; it is interesting without being sensational, and unemotional without being dull. It is a daily drama of ordinary life, of events arrived at by ordinary means, of aims and ends achieved in a manner at once possible and probable. The reader is never startled by unexpected occurrences; in fact, the current of the story flows so easily that we almost hope for some untoward event which may awaken us from the calm level of thought into which we are unconsciously led; but the authoress is guided by her own simple taste and feeling, and refrains from courting popularity by attempting a style to which her power is wholly inadequate. We are introduced at the opening of the story into a pleasant family circle, in which all the domestic virtues are sedulously cultivated, where loving hearts atone for the absence of intellectual life, and where consistent moral purpose stands in the stead of dignity and force. The individuality of each character is carefully maintained, and all are thoroughly consistent. In the first and second chapters the prominent personages of the story appear at a formal dinner given by Mr. Paget to his former partner, Mr. Carlyon, who had previously retired from the mercantile house in London, and had settled with his son in Paris, where his wealth increased very greatly and where his said son finished his education. The object which the former partners had in view on the occasion of this dinner was carefully concealed from their children, and the result—a very unusual one in novels—was that their wishes were crowned with success and their matrimonial plans were fulfilled by Edgar Carlyon and Elsie Paget (rather aristocratic names, by-the-by, for mercantile people) simultaneously falling in love with each other. The courtship, the wedding, and all the attending circumstances are extremely well described, especially the particularly awkward scene which occurs at the wedding breakfast, when an individual named Wilnot, with whom poor Lillie Paget had formed a *mesalliance*, but who, in virtue of his relationship, could not be excluded on this festive occasion, becomes excessively intoxicated and disgusts every one present. Joanna Paget might have been made a stronger feature in the story with some advantage, and the conduct of her brother, toward the close of the book, is rather improbable. Many of the conversations are unnecessarily lengthy, and the absence of originality or wit induces one to skip them whenever it is possible to do so. There is throughout too much talk and too little action, but these are faults which may be easily amended and are amply compensated by the purity and moral tone which pervades the whole book.

*Leslie Tyrell.* By Georgina M. Craik. Boston: Loring. 1867.—This is one of those charming little sketches—it can scarcely be called a novel—which at once rivets the attention and commands the sympathy of the reader, rendering him incapable of closing the book until he has completed its perusal. The situations are neither new nor unusual, but the character of Leslie is drawn with great skill and discernment, and evinces a just perception of all that is good and noble in woman's nature. At the outset we are not prepared to succumb to the controlling influence of this self-reliant and determined young woman; but by degrees she wins upon us by the purity and sincerity of her truly affectionate nature, and Frank Arnold rises in our estimation as he gradually learns to appreciate her real value, and to love her with the earnest devotion which such a woman unquestionably deserves. A strong-minded woman Leslie undoubtedly is, according to the best and most correct acceptance of the term, and if all who aim to be so considered would emulate her nobleness of character, and become in reality what they desire to be thought, the term would no longer be used as one of opprobrium, but as a distinctive mark of respect and admiration. The quiet, unobtrusive way of Leslie's life, her tender and judicious care of children, her gentle ministering to the sick, and the high moral purpose by which she is guided under all circumstances, are described with such simplicity and apparent truthfulness, that we are led to believe in the absolute existence of such a woman, and to indulge the hope that the writer has drawn her sketch less from imagination than from personal experience. In presenting such a portrait to the world the authoress not only confers a pleasure upon her readers, but renders a service to her sex.

*Leçons de Littérature Française Classique. Précédées de Leçons de Littérature Française depuis ses Origines. Tirées des "Matinées Littéraires" d'Edouard Mennechet. A l'usage des Maisons d'Éducation Américaines.* New York: Leypoldt & Holt. F. W. Christern. 1868.—Whoever has compiled this manual of French literature has done good service to the cause of education; we know of no better reading book for the advanced pupil. In-

deed, by many who have got beyond the stage of pupillage it might be read with profit. Very rarely, indeed, do we find even cultivated and otherwise well-informed persons possessing more than the most fragmentary and superficial knowledge of French literature. A play of Racine or Corneille, Fénelon's *Telemachus*, a satire of Boileau we blunder through at school; Bossuet and Massillon are made vaguely familiar to our admiration; Voltaire and Rousseau we have perhaps dipped into because they were interdicted. But beyond that, and omitting those more modern names of which no reader of contemporary literature can be ignorant, how far have most of us cared to penetrate into the treasure-house of classic French? This deficiency the present volume will go far to remedy. Beginning with a brief disquisition on the *langue d'oïl*, or primitive French, and *langue d'oc*, or Provençal, the language of the troubadours, of Bertran de Born and Claret d'Anduze, our author passes in review the leading writers of every age from Abailard to Buffon. Of course, in a work of this nature, it is impossible to include more than a small portion of the authors who are worthy of mention; and the compiler seems to have very discreetly followed the principle of selecting those who best represent the spirit of the age. The style throughout is clear and easy, and the criticism generally intelligent and judicious, though it will be difficult for the English reader to endorse the sentence which gives La Fontaine credit for being "tour à tour et quasi dans la même page Homère, Virgile, Horace, Molière." Equally hard is it to reconcile ourselves to the belief that the real author of *The Imitation of Christ* is not Thomas à Kempis at all, but "the celebrated chancellor of the University of Paris, Jean Charlier de Gerson." These, however, are matters of opinion, and with regard to the former it may doubtless be conceded that it is presumptuous in a foreigner to dispute the judgement of a native on the literature of his own vernacular. Certainly, we have been ill disposed to tolerate that French criticism which put our Shakespeare, "the divine Williams," below Racine and Corneille. The book we deem, on the whole, a valuable addition to our educational library, and in conjunction with its companion course on French contemporary literature, published by the same house, cannot fail to give the intelligent and conscientious student a very serviceable knowledge of the foremost writers of France.

*The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* By James Boswell, Esq. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1867.—The greatest biography ever written, together with the annotations that have been added by various hands during three-quarters of a century, is brought within the compass of a single handsome volume at a cost no greater than that of the ephemeral books one throws aside as soon as read. We have seen no greater triumph of combined cheapness and elegance in book-making. The letter-press, very beautiful to look upon, is even smaller than that of the diamond editions now so popular, and, like theirs, will be found excessively hurtful to the eyes, unless one employs the simple expedient we have before suggested. This is the use of a magnifying glass of sufficient size to prevent continual shifting as one reads. By this means these small editions may be read with as much pleasure as those in larger type, while to portability and ease of holding them they add the further advantage that as they multiply one may amass a library of a third of the cost and a fifth of the bulk required by the same works in a larger form. For any one who will read in this manner there can be no more desirable edition than this of Boswell's great and unique work.

*The Progressive Table Book.* By D. W. Fish, A.M. New York: Leison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.—This is an arithmetic for beginners, containing progressive exercises in counting, adding, subtracting, etc., with illustrations which are well adapted to the progressive character of the exercises and furnish good hints for the teacher. The author is well known through his labors on the Robinson series, of which this little book may fairly be assumed as the first step.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., London; LAWRENCE KEHOE, New York.—Essays on Religion and Literature, by various writers. Edited by Archibald Manning. Second series. Pp. 506.  
LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.—A Treatise on the Law of Patents for Useful Inventions, as Enacted and Administered in the United States of America. By George Ticknor Curtis. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Pp. xxxviii. 651. 1867.  
CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—The Bulls and the Jonathans. By James K. Paulding. Pp. 321. 1867.  
Kathrina; Her Life and Mine, in a Poem. By J. G. Holland. Pp. 257. 1867.  
The Art of Discourse. By Henry N. Day. Pp. xvi. 343. 1867.  
The Art of English Composition. By the same. Pp. xlii. 356. 1867.  
BRIDGMAN & CHILDS, Northampton, Mass.—Hymns Selected from Frederick William Faber, D.D. Pp. vii. 101. 1867.  
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Manual of Physical Exercises. By William Wood. Illustrated. Pp. 318. 1867.  
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—Bracebridge Hall; or, The Humoriack. A Medley. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Knickerbocker edition. Pp. 543. 1867.  
E. J. HALE & SON, New York.—A Defence of Virginia (and through her of the South) in Recent and Pending Contests against the Sectional Party. By Prof. Robert L. Dabney, D.D. Pp. 356. 1867.  
Diary of a Southern Refugee during the War. By a lady of Virginia. Pp. 363. 1867.

G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.—A Dictionary of the English Language. Mainly abridged from the quarto dictionary of Noah Webster, LL.D. By William A. Wheeler. Illustrated. Pp. xxxix. 1,000. 1868.  
THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—The Lord's Supper: A Manual of Scriptural and Devotional Guide to the Table of the Lord. By the Rev. David Smith. Pp. 150.  
My Little Library. Sixty-four stories. Bound in 16 vols., each 32 pp.  
A. S. BARNEE & Co., New York.—Grammatical Diagrams Defined and Improved. By Frederick S. Jewell, Ph.D. Pp. iv. 307. 1867.  
KELLY & PIET, Baltimore.—Excerpta ex P. Ovidii Nasonis operibus. Pars secunda. Pp. 100. 1866.

## PAMPHLETS, ETC.

CASSELL, PETER & GALPIN, London and New York.—The Holy Bible, with illustrations, by Gustave Doré. Part 10.  
Caswell's Illustrated Book of Fables. La Fontaine, with illustrations, by Gustave Doré. Part IV.  
C. H. DITSON, New York.—A Method for Teaching Orpheon or Singing-Classes. Edited by Jerome Hopkins.  
We have also received The National Quarterly Review, The Family Christian Almanac for 1868, Blackwood's Magazine (reprint)—New York; The Sunday Magazine, The Broadway Good Words—London and New York; The New Dominion Monthly—Montreal.

## LITERARIANA.

MR. PARTON'S *Atlantic* article is a very convincing exhibition of certain aspects of the International Copyright question. Beginning with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* it narrates the history of the book so far as to show that, at the certainly low estimates adopted, from a sale of two millions of copies and a remarkable theatrical success in English, French, and German theatres, by which publishers and managers throughout the world have been enriched, Mrs. Stowe's only profit has been upon some three hundred thousand copies, or \$40,000, while it must have been at least \$250,000 under an international copyright. Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Motley are cited as examples of a similar experience, and in the case of the latter a calculation shows that the actual cost of his historical works to their author—in preliminary studies, travels in quest of information, collection of books, MSS., and other materials—cannot have been less than twelve years of labor and \$24,000 in money, both of which might probably be doubled. In return he has received something like \$20,000, leaving him actually out of pocket by books which have delighted the world from \$4,000 to \$20,000, as one may estimate. From considerations such as these Mr. Parton deduces this principle: "No well-executed work, involving original research, can pay expenses unless the author is protected in his right to the market of the world. . . . Give us international copyright and it immediately becomes possible, in the United States, for a man who is not rich to devote his existence to the production of works of permanent and universal value. Continue to withhold international copyright and this privilege remains the almost exclusive portion of men of wealth." The production of such works, he adds elsewhere, must be "not an accident, but a most rare conjunction of accidents. First, the man must be competent; secondly, he must be willing; thirdly, he must be rich." Other features of our present condition are set forth in a very strong light: that a worthy return for their works would relieve authors from the fatal necessity of over-production; that, from "the existence in the world of a kind of property which is at once the most precious, the easiest stolen, and the worst protected," come all the feuds among our publishers, the high-handed acts of suppression by the powerful, the discreditable artifices of many, the incalculable injury to our own periodical literature from the bodily-stolen or the paste-pot publications which, at the mere cost of paper and print, are put into competition with home productions of which every issue costs hundreds or thousands of dollars, to the injury of American publishers and the American writers they could otherwise adequately remunerate—"a wrong which injures two nations and benefits one printer, and that printer would himself do better if he could obtain exclusive rights by fair purchase;" that in France, whose language is tantamount to an international copyright, literature is one of the liberal professions, literary men are an important and honorable order in the state, and a success like that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would be worth \$500,000 in gold, even if America had stolen its copies. Mr. Parton upsets one very general impression—that the conduct of American publishers contrasts disadvantageously with that of the English—by showing that, while numerous English authors receive a royalty from American publishers, no American has ever received from an English publisher anything beyond a trifling sum for advance sheets. Nevertheless, the fault rests with us and not with England. England and France are anxious, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia ready, to make a treaty with us "which shall render literary property as sacred and as safe in all civilized lands as tobacco and whiskey." With America, Canada, England, and Australia—three of them rapidly growing, and all English-speaking and all reading countries—authorship will become, whenever the law shall be made, such a profession for writers in our tongue as it never has been and never otherwise can be. Mr. Parton has set forth most of these—together with other points on which we cannot now dwell, but to all of which we shall probably continue to return as provocations offer until the point be carried—with admirable force. His article is sometimes rambling, and without being by any means exhaustive is extremely diffuse; here and there, too, it strikes one as



being fulsome, though there is perhaps no case in which we need challenge the justice of his praise. But as a whole it cannot fail to convince of the criminal injustice of our course many people who have not the vaguest idea what manner of thing international copyright may be or why it is, or is not, desirable; and it would be excellent if, by some such process as is needed to introduce a joke into a Scotchman, a perception of it could be got into the illiterate persons who throng the Capitol, indifferent to all but party intrigues and lobby jobs.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & SON are about to add three new editions to the forms in which Washington Irving's works are already so well known that, as we learn with pleasure, fifty thousand sets, or more than a million volumes, of them have been sold. The three new editions, which are each forthwith to commence their appearance in monthly volumes, are *The Knickerbocker*, *Riverside*, and *People's Editions*. Of the first the initial volume, *Bracebridge Hall*, is before us—a beautiful, large-paper duodecimo book, dainty in its typography, and with steel engravings that look like Darley, though we cannot find that they bear his name—altogether, decidedly the best library edition that has appeared and as elegant as need be desired. For the *Riverside* new stereotype plates will be made, while the *People's Edition* differs from it only in the use of a less expensive paper and binding—the cost of the twenty-eight volumes varying in the three editions from \$63 to \$35.

MESSRS. SHELDON & Co. announce for publication during October Mrs. Davis's *Waiting for the Verdict*, which has appeared in *The Galaxy*; a new and enlarged addition of *Mrs. Putnam's Receipt Book*; a collected edition in handsome form of Mr. Theodore Tilton's poems, under the title of *The Sexton's Tale, and Other Poems*; and *The Life and Labors of Francis Wayland, D.D., LL.D.*, late President of Brown University, by his sons, Hon. Francis Wayland and the Rev. H. L. Wayland. In November they will issue *The Life and Letters of Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D.D.*, by the Rev. Abraham R. Van Nest, D.D.; and *The Autobiography of Elder Jacob Knapp, the great Revivalist*.

MESSRS. G. W. CARLETON & Co. announce for immediate publication *Richmond during the War*, which is said to "reveal many facts connected with the 'Lost Cause' in the Confederate Capital which have hitherto been carefully concealed;" and *Condensed Novels*, by Bret Harte, a caricature of the style of popular novelists.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, at the annual meeting of its trustees last week, made the following additions to its faculty: Professor Eli Whitney Blake, of the University of Vermont, professor of Physics and Industrial Mechanics; Prof. Geo. E. Caldwell, of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Department, professor of Agricultural Chemistry; Burt G. Wilder, of Harvard Scientific School, professor of Natural History, and James M. Crafts, of Boston, professor of Chemistry.

M. MICHEL CHARLES has no resource but to abandon his claim that Newton's honors justly belong to Pascal. The proofs we have already recited (No. 139) were pretty conclusive of the forgery of the letters on which the claim rested, but additional evidence which we find in *The Athenæum* leaves no doubt of it. The writer in that journal has examined the collection, and has not "patience for the task of description." Newton, he says, "is made to write French like a native at twelve years old. He steals over to Paris when he was studying at

Cambridge, and succeeds in cheating his biographers out of the fact; he steals Pascal's papers too, or something very like it. . . . Correspondence with Newton and his mother, in French, runs through ten years; and Hannah Smith, who had been Newton, with Ayscough for a maiden name, gives for her signature 'Miss Anne Ayscough Newton,' in which, considering the French difficulty in learning English appellatives, he considers the miss as good as a mile. The letters put forth as Pascal's have been subjected to a test which conclusively demonstrates the fraud. They were submitted to the inspection of M. Prosper Faugère, who once spent fifteen months in deciphering Pascal's writing preparatory to the publication, from his MSS., of his *Pensées* in 1844. M. Faugère declares that the forgery is not to be doubted, that the forger did not attempt to imitate Pascal's hand, contenting himself with an old writing and spelling; that the old paper employed would not take the new ink, which had been awkwardly discolored to look faded; that the letters from Pascal and from his sisters are evidently by the same hand; that in point of style the forger, failing to catch Pascal's "neat, substantial mode of expression, a pure emanation of thought and sentiment, the imprint of an ever-living power and originality," has degenerated into slipshod puerilities and rapid conversational commonplaces, so that "I should willingly believe that the writer, so far from being Pascal, was not even a Frenchman." An attempt has been made to fix the forgery upon M. Libri, an eminent Italian scientific writer residing in London. But M. Libri, who was one of the first to proclaim the letters forged, explicitly denies this, and there seems to be no tenable ground for the charge. M. Charles, it should be added, is not suspected of being privy to the fraud; he has been himself taken in, and is either convinced of the truth of his position or does not know how to gracefully recede from it.

AN Anglo-Saxon professorship has been established in Cambridge University.

THACKERAY's complete works are to be published, in a uniform edition containing all the original illustrations, by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., who invite the loan, from any persons so fortunate as to possess them, of any unpublished fragments of Thackeray's writings.

A NEW semi-monthly medical journal, to be entitled *Le Sud Médical*, is announced for publication at Marseilles from the commencement of next year. Physicians in Italy, Turkey, Algeria, Tunis, and Spain are among its contributors.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN is preparing the *Life of John James Audubon*, for which Mrs. Audubon has supplied him with her husband's correspondence as well as accounts of his adventures in the backwoods.

MR. ANTHONY TROLOPE's new story, of which the first instalment appears in the October issue of *Saint Paul's*, is entitled *Phineas Finn, the Irish Member*.

MR. EDMUND YATES's novel, being published in *The Leader*, a weekly journal, is called *The Righted Wrong*.

MR. HENRY LOCKWOOD has made a translation from the Swedish, soon to be published, of *Axel* and other poems.

DR. STRATMANN is in England for the purpose of examining unpublished MSS. dating between 1200 and 1500 A.D., in order to complete his addenda to his *Early English Dictionary* of that period.

M. FRANCIS LACOMBE, who died recently at Arlacion, was a well-known contributor to the Paris papers and au-

thor of *L'Histoire du Bourgeois de Paris* and *La Monarchie en Europe*.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER's new work, *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Soudan Hunters of the Hamran Arabs*, is nearly ready for publication.

M. CHARLES BEAUDELAIRE, a French poet described as having "an insane love of horribly vicious subjects," who wrote *Flowers du Mal* and *Paradis Artificiels*, and translated Poe's works, has just died in a lunatic asylum.

MISS BRADDON is writing for *Belgravia* a continuation of her *Birds of Prey*, but bearing another title.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: With whom originated the reply to the plea, "A man must live," of "I don't see the necessity"? A late number of *The Saturday Review* assigns it to Dr. Johnson. R. Y. New York, Sept. 9, 1867.

We have seen it attributed both to Talleyrand and to Metternich, but cannot say how properly.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Who is the author of *Rhodolaphne*; or, *the Thesalian Spell*, a poem published in London in 1818; and of what else was he the author? P. H. W. Coventry, Vt., Sept. 2, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Can you inform me who is the author of the poem commencing with the following stanza? It is exquisitely musical and descriptive; and found in an old newspaper:

"Calmy the white moon lights up the stone,  
The white little stone by the river still and clear;  
Not a name on it tells who is sleeping there alone,  
The ripple 'cross the meadow-grass is all the sound that's near."

New York, September 10, 1867. M. R. A.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I have observed in copying letters by means of a wet cloth that warm water produces a more distinct impression than cold. Can any one tell the reason? Yours, C. New York, September 5, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Can you inform me as to the source of the following lines which appear at the beginning of Longfellow's *Hyperion*?

"Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again.  
Wise improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart."

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,  
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours  
Weeping upon his bed has sate,  
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers."

Pittsburg, September 14, 1867. J. B. D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The lines for whose authorship "C." enquires in *The Round Table* of August 31, "Like clouds," etc., are by Wordsworth, from a poem beginning

"When first descending from the moorland  
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide."

Guilford, Conn., August 28. T. G. H.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Will you be kind enough to inform me, in your column of *Notes and Queries*, who was the author of the following sentiment: "The conscious water saw its God and blushed." Truly yours, J. D. E.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Sept. 4, 1867.

Milton is usually credited with the authorship in a school exercise, though we believe its original is in a Latin epigram of Crasshaw.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Has it ever been suggested that this universe of ours is only one of many, each with its own Deity and laws? I should be glad to hear on this head the views of some of your philosophers, and learn where, if anywhere, it has been argued.

Respectfully, R. W. E. Boston, September 1, 1867.

## THE GREAT PRIZE.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSEL, PARIS, 1867.—THE HOWE MACHINE CO.—ELIAS HOWE, JR.—699 Broadway, New York, awarded, over eighty-two competitors, the ONLY CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR AND GOLD MEDAL given to American Sewing Machines, as per Imperial Decree, published in the *Moniteur Universel* (Official Journal of the French Empire), Tuesday, July 2, 1867 in these words: ELIAS HOWE, JR., {Fabricante de Machines à coudre exposant. Manufacturer of Sewing Machines, Exhibitor.

### THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 140,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

Europe and Turkey, The Money Question—II., American Archaeology, Quà, Eating on the Wing, Views from Mountains.

#### CORRESPONDENCE:

Niagara.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

"G. S. H." on Walt Whitman, Verbal Criticism.

#### REVIEWS:

Life of Whitefield, Birds of New England, Lives of Indian Officers, History of the United States of America, Ned Nevins, the Newsboy, The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt, Caste, Christ and Christendom, The Syrian Leper, Explanations of the Church Services, Heart Breathings, Jessica's First Prayer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LITERARIANA.

### CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that imitations of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

Trade-Mark for Electro-Plate.



Stamped on base of every article.

Our Goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Albata or Nickel Silver, and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield plate.

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.,

Silversmiths and Manufacturers of Fine Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

Wedding Cards and Envelopes, the latest

styles, by A. DEMAREST, Engraver, 132 Broadway, corner of John Street. Crystal Cards, Monograms, etc.

### COLGATE'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE SOAP.

A superior TOILET SOAP, prepared from refined VEGETABLE OILS, in combination with GLYCERINE, and especially designed for the use of LADIES and for the NURSERY. Its perfume is exquisite, and its washing properties unrivalled. For sale by all Druggists.

BROWN, WATKINS & SHAW, IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF STATIONERY, LITHOGRAPHERS, PRINTERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

138 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

\* Prompt attention paid to Orders by Mail.

#### GERMAN BOOKS

Of all kinds, and German Periodicals on hand, or imported promptly. Catalogues gratis.

E. STEIGER,

17 North William Street, New York.



BOOKS WORTH READING AND KEEPING.

**Spooner's Biographical History of the Fine Arts.** 2 vols. royal octavo, cloth, \$10; half morocco, \$15.  
**Critical and Social Essays.** Reprinted from THE NEW YORK NATION. 12mo, cloth, \$1 50.  
**Fathers and Sons: A Russian Novel.** 12mo, cloth, \$1 50.  
**The Man with the Broken Ear.** Translated from the French of Edmond About. 12mo, cloth, \$1 50.  
**In the Year '13.** Translated from the German of Fritz Reuter. By C. L. Lewes. 16mo, paper, 75 cents.  
**Denis Duval** (Tauchnitz Edition). Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 25.  
**Auerbach's On the Heights.** 3 vols., paper, \$2 25.  
**Marriage in the United States.** From the French of Carlier. Cloth, \$1 25.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT, Publishers,  
451 Broome Street, New York.

GLOBE DICKENS.

READY OCT. 1.

LITTLE DORRIT.

Complete in 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, price \$1 50.

HURD & HOUGHTON, Publishers,  
459 Broome Street, New York.

TWO NEW BOOKS.

CONDENSED NOVELS.

A volume of the widely known burlesques and laughable condensations of the most popular novels and novelists of the day. By BRET HARTE. One of the most amusing comic books of the season. Illustrated by Frank Belieu, and cloth bound, price \$1 50.

RICHMOND DURING THE WAR.

Personal observations and experiences of a lady who resided in that city during the late civil war. Dedicated to the women of the Southern Confederacy. No volume has before appeared which presents a more simple and vivid picture of the secrets, privations, and personal incidents of the people during those terrible years in the Confederate capital. \* Price \$1 75.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Avery Glibun. A powerful novel by "Orpheus C. Kerr," \$2 00  
Artemus Ward in London. A new illustrated book, 1 50  
Renshawe. A new novel, author "Mary Brandegee," 1 75  
The Clergyman's Wife. Mrs. Ritchie's (Mowatt's) book, 1 75  
The Cameron Pride. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes's novel, 1 50  
How to Make Money, and How to Keep It, 1 50

These books are beautifully bound in cloth, are sold everywhere, and will be sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price by

G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers,  
NEW YORK.

FOR POPULAR READING.

WHAT IS FREE TRADE?

By EMILE WALTER. 12mo, cloth, \$1.

"It contains probably the most telling statement of the leading principles of the free-trade theory ever published, and is perhaps unsurpassed in the happiness of its illustrations."—The Nation.  
"It is an unanswerable argument against the follies of protection, and a stinging satire on the advocates of that policy which would enrich us by doubling our expenses."—N. Y. Citizen.

Published by

C. P. PUTNAM & SON,  
661 Broadway, New York.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. XV., No. 30—SEPTEMBER, 1867.

CONTENTS:

- I. The Jews and Their Persecutions.
- II. Have the Lower Animals Souls or Reason?
- III. Winckelmann and Ancient Art.
- IV. Dante and his New Translator.
- V. What has Bacon Originated or Discovered?
- VI. Assassination and Lawlessness in the United States.
- VII. The Jesuits in North America and Elsewhere.
- VIII. The Civil Service of the United States.
- IX. Notices and Criticisms.

There are four articles in this number which all should read, namely, those on the bad treatment of the Jews, and the still worse treatment of Dante's Divina Commedia by certain of his translators; also those on lawlessness and on the Jesuits. Insurance quackery receives due attention in the proper department. General Agents, American News Company.  
Specimen copy sent to any part of the United States, postage paid by the undersigned, on receipt of \$1 25. Subscription, \$5 a year, in advance.

EDW. I. SEARS, LL.D.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

61 Broadway, New York.

SUPREME COURT, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

ROBERT H. ARKENBURGH AND JOHN BRYAN } Summons for money  
against  
R. J. DANIEL. } demand on contract.

To the above-named Defendant:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint on the subscribers at their office, No. 79 Nassau Street, in the city of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of two thousand eight hundred and forty-four dollars and sixty-four cents, with interest on the same, from the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, beside the costs of this action.

SHAFFER & COLEMAN, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,  
79 Nassau Street.

Dated September 6, 1867.

New York, September 30, 1867.—The complaint herein was this day duly filed in the Office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York.

SHAFFER & COLEMAN, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

TIFFANY & CO.,

550 AND 552 BROADWAY, NEW YORK;

79 RUE RICHELIEU, PARIS.

STERLING SILVER-WARE,

FOR THE TABLE OR BUFFET,

Comprising all articles of Use or Ornament, of the most artistic design and elaborate finish.

BRONZES AND GAS-FIXTURES.

Residences furnished with real Bronze Fixtures, and particular care given to the general propriety of Ornamentation. New Designs prepared for Fixtures and Ornaments, and forwarded promptly upon request.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.

IMITATIONS OF OIL PAINTINGS.

Published by

L. PRANG & CO., Boston.

SOLD IN ALL PICTURE STORES.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

GEORGE STECK & CO.

Had the unprecedented triumph to be awarded two prizes at once,

THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDAL,

At the Fair of the American Institute, Oct., 1865 (being of the very latest date), for General Superiority of their

GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS.

First premium received over all competition, when and wherever exhibited. Send for Circulars.

WAREHOUSES, 141 EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK,

Between Broadway and Fourth Avenue.

DECKER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE IVORY AGRAFFE BAR

PIANO-FORTES,

Have removed to 2 Union Square, corner Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue.

With more commodious warehouses and greatly increased facilities for manufacturing, we are now enabled to exhibit a much larger and better assortment of PIANOS, as well as to serve our customers more promptly and efficiently.

MARK WELL THE NAME AND LOCALITY.

TO EUROPEAN ADVERTISERS.

English and French Advertisements for THE ROUND TABLE will be received, and all requisite information given, by the Advertising Agents of the Journal in London, Messrs. ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59 Fleet Street, E. C.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY, No. II. OF

The Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.

Edited by WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M.D.,

Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, etc.

Enlarged to 200 pages.

CONTENTS OF No. II., OCTOBER, 1867:

The Negro as a Soldier; Review of the Case of Mary Harris; The Dangerous Classes of the Community; Suicidal Monomania; Dreaming considered especially in Relation to Insanity; The Application of Electricity to Therapeutics; The Psychology of Celibacy; The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind; The Insanity of Pregnancy and Lactation; Bromide of Potassium in Nervous Diseases; Bibliographical Notices, Chronicles, etc.

TERMS: \$5 per annum; single copies, \$1 50.

In consequence of the great success of THE PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL the publishers have enlarged it from 160 to 200 pages.

A. SIMPSON & Co. also publish THE NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL, a monthly, \$5 per annum, and will begin Saturday, Sept. 28, THE MEDICAL GAZETTE, a weekly, at only \$2 per annum. All the above furnished to subscribers for \$10 per annum, in advance.

A. SIMPSON & CO., Printers and Publishers,

60 Duane Street, New York.

The Bankers' and Merchants' Grand Presentation Enterprise

HAS PROVEN A WONDERFUL SUCCESS!

Capital, Tickets, and Prizes increased from \$1,257,148 to \$1,500,000, making this the most Stupendous and Successful Presentation Scheme ever Inaugurated in the World.

Our agents have received orders for over One Hundred Thousand Tickets more than our original issue, and the Managers, being desirous of filling the orders and supplying the demand, have decided to increase the tickets from 1,257,148 to 1,500,000.

The Committee appointed at the first concert have decided to distribute the Prizes at the third and last concert, which will take place at IRVING HALL, in New York city, on

Thursday, October 24, 1867.

TICKETS, \$1 EACH. A PRIZE WITH EVERY TICKET.

PROSPECTUS.

A number of the leading Bankers and Merchants of New York, in consideration of the great success which has attended many of the Charitable Presentation Enterprises of the day, have formed themselves into a company, with the view of inaugurating an enterprise which, while it shall return them a fair profit, shall offer greater advantages to ticket purchasers than any yet presented, and which, being conducted upon a perfectly legitimate and business basis, shall be free from those objectionable features which have characterized many of these enterprises.

To this end they have consigned the sale of tickets and the registering of the same to Clark, Webster & Co., Bankers and Managers, 62 Broadway, New York, who will keep the records in their custody until the day of the Grand Presentation Entertainment, when they will be handed over to a committee selected by the audience to make an impartial distribution of Prizes.

A reference to the number of presents and the general plan of distribution, given below, will convince even the most sceptical of the great advantages which will accrue to all who participate in the enterprise; and the Commercial and Financial standing of the Company, and the Managers and Bankers thereof, will, they hope, prove a sufficient guaranty of the fairness and impartiality with which everything in connection with it will be conducted, and that the interests of ticket-holders will be most strictly watched over and guarded. In fact, it is the desire of the Managers to conduct every transaction for the mutual benefit of whoever shall purchase a ticket, and scrupulously to avoid any and everything which could in the slightest degree diminish the profits which are likely to accrue to all who invest.

LIST OF PRIZES.

CASH PRIZES.			
1 Cash Prize,	at \$75,000	\$75,000	
1 Cash Prize,	at 50,000	50,000	
1 Cash Prize,	at 25,000	25,000	
2 Cash Prizes,	at 10,000	20,000	
3 Cash Prizes,	at 5,000	15,000	
4 Cash Prizes,	at 3,000	12,000	
5 Cash Prizes,	at 2,000	10,000	
8 Cash Prizes,	at 1,000	8,000	
14 Cash Prizes,	at 500	7,000	
20 Cash Prizes,	at 300	6,000	
25 Cash Prizes,	at 200	5,000	
40 Cash Prizes,	at 100	4,000	
75 Cash Prizes,	at 50	3,750	
140 Cash Prizes,	at 25	3,500	
150 Cash Prizes,	at 20	3,000	
175 Cash Prizes,	at 10	1,750	
200 Cash Prizes,	at 5	1,000	
864 Cash Prizes, amounting to			\$250,000

PIANOS.			
8 Steinway's Grand Pianos,	at \$1,500	\$12,000	
8 Chickering's Grand Pianos,	at 1,500	12,000	
25 Steinway's Seven Octave Pianos,	at 800	20,000	
25 Chickering's Seven Octave Pianos,	at 800	20,000	
93 Melodeons,	at 140	13,020	
125 Melodeons,	at 125	15,625	

SEWING MACHINES.			
75 Wheeler & Wilson cab. case Sewing Mach.,	at \$165	\$12,375	
104 Wheeler & Wilson half case Sewing Mach.,	at 125	13,000	
133 Wheeler & Wilson plain Sewing Machines,	at 85	11,305	
73 Singer's cab. case Sewing Machines,	at 165	12,045	
100 Singer's half case Sewing Machine,	at 125	12,500	
130 Singer's plain Sewing Machines,	at 85	11,050	

DIAMONDS.			
6 Full sets Diamonds,	at \$3,500	\$21,000	
10 Full sets Diamonds,	at 2,700	27,000	
15 Diamond Cluster Rings,	at 850	12,750	
20 Diamond Cluster Rings,	at 675	13,500	
25 Diamond Cluster Rings,	at 450	11,250	
33 Diamond Cluster Rings,	at 375	12,375	
5 Diamond Cluster Pins,	at 655	3,275	

GOLD WATCHES.			
16 Gents' Gold Watches,	at \$239	\$3,824	
26 Gents' Gold Watches,	at 225	5,850	
42 Gents' Gold Watches,	at 185	7,770	
86 Gents' Gold Watches,	at 135	11,610	
20 Ladies' Diamond Set Watches,	at 200	4,000	
55 Ladies' Gold Watches,	at 185	10,175	
92 Ladies' Gold Watches,	at 160	14,720	
106 Ladies' Gold Watches,	at 145	15,370	

SILVER WATCHES.			
66 American Silver Watches,	at \$75	\$4,950	
125 American Silver Watches,	at 63	7,875	
130 American Silver Watches,	at 48	6,240	
233 Detached Lever Silver Watches,	at 27	6,201	
249 Cylinder Silver Watches,	at 18	4,482	
22 Plated Watches,	at 8	176	
Assorted Prizes, valued at		880,897	
Total value of Prizes,		\$1,500,000	

The Bankers' and Merchants' First Grand Concert was given at Irving Hall, July 4. The Second Grand Concert was given August 24, both of them proving a grand success. The mammoth hall was filled with the most respectable citizens of New York. The audience appointed a committee of nine of the leading bankers and merchants to examine the register of tickets and satisfy themselves of the correctness of the registration before making the grand distribution of prizes on the 24th of October.

Important to Parties desiring Tickets.

1st. There are but few remaining unsold. Those wishing to be supplied with tickets must order at once.

2d. The distribution of prizes will positively take place on the 24th of October, 1867.

3d. As the books will be closed immediately on the sale of the last ticket, for the purpose of the registration being examined by the committee, it is important that we should receive orders at the very earliest moment.

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR EACH. For sale at the banking-house of Clark, Webster & Co., 62 Broadway, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.

SPECIAL TERMS OR CLUB RATES.—Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and sending us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission. We will send:

4 Tickets, . . . \$3 50 24 Tickets, . . . 10 50

12 " . . . 6 75 48 " . . . 33 50

100 " . . . 10 00 100 " . . . 80 00

In order that every subscriber's name may be registered, send the post-office address, with town, county, and state in full. Money by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters may be sent at our risk. All communications must be addressed to

CLARK, WEBSTER & CO.,

62 Broadway, New York.

\* Immediately after the Grand Distribution, a List of the Prizes awarded will be printed and sent to each ticket-holder.

### MERCANTILE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,

35 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Assets, Jan. 1, 1867, . . . \$1,261,349

ORGANIZED APRIL, 1814.

During the past year this Company has paid to its policy-holders,  
IN CASH,a rebate on premiums in lieu of scrip equivalent in value to  
an average scrip dividend of

TWENTY PER CENT.

Instead of issuing a scrip dividend to dealers, based on the principle that all classes of risks are equally profitable, this Company makes such cash abatement or discount from the current rates, when premiums are paid, as the general experience of underwriters will warrant, and the net profits remaining at the close of the year will be divided to the Stockholders.

This Company continues to make Insurance on Marine and Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks on the most favorable terms, including Risks on Merchandise of all kinds, Hulls and Freight.

Policies issued, making loss payable in gold or currency, at the office in New York, or in sterling at the office of RATHBONE BROS. &amp; Co., in Liverpool.

#### TRUSTEES.

JAMES FREELAND,  
SAMUEL WILLETS,  
ROBERT L. TAYLOR,  
WILLIAM T. FROST,  
WILLIAM WATT,  
HENRY EYRE,  
CORNELIUS GRINNELL,  
JOSEPH SLAGG,  
JAS. D. FISH,  
GEO. W. HENNINGS,  
FRANCIS HATHAWAY,  
AARON L. REID,

ELLWOOD WALTER,  
D. COLDEN MURRAY,  
E. HAYDOCK WHITE,  
N. L. MCCREARY,  
DANIEL T. WILLETS,  
L. EDGERTON,  
HENRY R. KUNHARDT,  
JOHN S. WILLIAMS,  
WILLIAM NELSON, JR.,  
CHARLES DIMON,  
A. WILLIAM HEYE,  
HAROLD DOLLNER,

PAUL N. SPOFFORD.

ELLWOOD WALTER, President.

CHAS. NEWCOMB, Vice-President.

C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

The Glory of Man is Strength, therefore the nervous and debilitated should immediately use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

### NORTH AMERICA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE: 229 BROADWAY, COR. BARCLAY STREET.

The Policies of this Company are secured by special deposit of United States securities in the Insurance Department of the State of New York, signed and sealed by the Superintendent, and their payment guaranteed by the special trust thus created.

No other Company in the World offers such security or advantage.

N. D. Morgan, President.

T. T. Merwin, Vice-President.

J. W. Merrill, Secretary.

Geo. Rowland, Actuary.

Prof. H. A. Newton, YALE COLLEGE, ADVISORY ACTUARY.

Take no more Unpleasant and Unsafe remedies for unpleasant and dangerous diseases. Use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

### ÆTHNA INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD.

Capital, . . . \$3,000,000

INCORPORATED 1819.

Ensure against loss and damage by FIRE and perils of INLAND NAVIGATION.

Losses paid in 48 Years, . \$21,371,972 57

ASSETS JULY 1, 1867.

Cash on hand and in Bank, . . . \$515,886 29  
Real Estate, . . . 243,793 02  
Mortgage Bonds, . . . 685,550 00  
Bank Stock, . . . 1,206,400 00  
U. S., State, City Stock, and other Public Securities, . . . 1,984,308 86

\$4,650,938 27

Liabilities, . . . \$377,968 46

NEW YORK AGENCY, 62 WALL STREET.

JAMES A. ALEXANDER, Agent.

For Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Irritation, inflammation, or ulceration of the bladder or kidneys, diseases of the prostate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel or brick-dust deposits, and all diseases of the bladder, kidneys, and dropsical swellings, use HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

### HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

45 WALL STREET.

JULY 1, 1867.

CASH CAPITAL, . . . \$400,000 00

SURPLUS, . . . 187,205 93

ASSETS, . . . \$587,205 93

Fire and Inland Insurance effected in the Western and Southern States through the "Underwriters' Agency."

Benj. S. Walcott, President.

I. Remson Lane, Secretary.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu gives health and vigor to the frame and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and if no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity, or epileptic fits ensue.

### FURNITURE.

PRICE REDUCED 20 PER CENT. AT

DECRAAF &amp; TAYLOR'S,

87 &amp; 89 Bowery, 65 Christie, and 130 &amp; 132 Hester Street, N. Y.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ROSEWOOD PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE.

Mahogany, Walnut, and Tulip Wood; Parlor Furniture, French Oil Finish; Sideboards and Extension Tables; Spring and Hair Mattresses; Cottage and Chamber Sets; Cane and Wood Seat Chairs.

We keep the largest variety of any house in the Union, and defy competition.

All Goods guaranteed as represented.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu and Improved ROSE WASH cure secret and delicate disorders in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience and no exposure. It is pleasant in taste and odor, immediate in its action, and free from all injurious properties.

### SPIEGEL MEERSCHAUM.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Messrs. Kaldenberg &amp; Son, the oldest and most extensive manufacturers in the United States, who received the FIRST MEDAL at the American Institute, 1865, are the only American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition of the celebrated Spiegel Meerscham Pipes, Cigar-holders, and Amber Works.

Monograms, Portraits, etc., cut to order from this fine material, which no other house has or keeps for sale.

N.B.—All our goods are stamped, warranted to color well, and satisfaction given or no sale. Repairing, Boiling, etc., in superior style.

\*.\* Send for Circular.

We are next to Broadway, 4 and 6 John Street, Up-Stairs, First Floor.

Enfeebled and Delicate Constitutions, of both sexes, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. It will give brisk and energetic feelings, and enable you to sleep well.

CHEAP SOAP! GOOD SOAP!

NATRONA REFINED SAPONIFIER;

OR,

CONCENTRATED LYE.

TWO CENTS A POUND FOR SUPERIOR HARD SOAP.

TWELVE POUNDS OF SOFT SOAP FOR ONE CENT.

Every Family Can Make Their Own Soap.

ALL VARIETIES OF SOAP AS EASILY MADE  
AS A CUP OF COFFEE.

Is a New Concentrated Lye for making Soap, just discovered in Greenland, in the Arctic Seas, and is composed mainly of Aluminate of Soda, which, when mixed with REFUSE FAT, produces the

Best Detergent Soap in the World.

One Box will make 175 pounds of good Soft Soap, or its equivalent in superior Hard Soap.

Retail by all Druggists and Grocers in the United States.

\*.\* Full recipes with each box.

Dealers can obtain it wholesale in cases, each containing 48 Boxes, at a liberal discount, of the Wholesale Grocers and Druggists in all the Towns and Cities of the United States, or of

CLIFFORD PEMBERTON, General Agent,  
PITTSBURG, PA.

Helmbold's Concentrated Extract Buchu is the great diuretic. HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA is the great blood purifier. Both are prepared according to the rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

### HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

Is a certain cure for diseases of the BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether existing in MALE or FEMALE, from whatever cause originating and no matter of how long standing.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a diuretic.

If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our Flesh and Blood are supported from these sources, and the Health and Happiness, and that of Posterity, depend upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

Established upwards of eighteen years,

Prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD,  
DRUGGIST,594 Broadway, New York; and  
104 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Every Lady has the Management of her own form within her power. Madame Jumel's MAMMARIAL BALM and PATENT ELEVATOR develops the bust physiologically. Depot, 907 Broadway, or 14 East Twentieth Street, New York. Send for treatise. Sold by first-class druggists and furnishing stores everywhere.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

Breast Milk for Infants.—A perfect substitute, and a nourishment for invalids and dyspeptics, is COMSTOCK'S RATIONAL FOOD. Recommended by Prof. Wm. A. Hammond, M.D., late Surgeon-General U. S. A.; Prof. E. R. Peaslee, M.D.; Prof. H. B. Sands, M.D., and other eminent physicians. Easily digested by infants and stomachs that can bear no other food. Sold everywhere.

G. W. COMSTOCK, 57 Cortlandt Street.

Shattered Constitutions Restored by Helmbold's EXTRACT BUCHU.

Manhood and Youthful Vigor are regained by HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

Hill's Hair Dye. 50 Cents. Black or Brown. Instantaneous, Natural, Durable, the Best and Cheapest in Use. Quantity equals any dollar size. Depot, 95 Duane Street. Sold by all druggists.

Hill's Arctic Ointment cures Burns, Boils, Bunions, Piles, all Skin and Flesh Diseases. Warranted, Depot, 95 Duane St. Sold by all druggists.

Hill, the Inimitable, has resumed hair-cutting. Studio for the Manipulation of Hair, Whiskers, Shampooing, and Dyeing, 95 Duane Street.

### THE AMERICAN LITERARY BUREAU.

Agency for Authors, Publishers, Editors, Lecturers, and Lyceums, and for all who have any Literary Commissions to be executed.

#### The Bureau Undertakes:

- I.—TO GATHER FACTS AND STATISTICS UPON ALL SUBJECTS, AND TO PRESENT THEM IN AN INTELLIGENT FORM, EITHER FOR LITERARY OR BUSINESS PURPOSES.
- II.—TO FURNISH PRINTERS' ESTIMATES FOR AUTHORS, AND TO SUPERVISE THE PUBLICATION OF WORKS.
- III.—TO RECEIVE MANUSCRIPTS, AND ENDEAVOR TO PROCURE THEIR PUBLICATION.
- IV.—TO FURNISH CRITICISMS TO YOUNG OR INEXPERIENCED AUTHORS ON SUCH MANUSCRIPTS AS THEY MAY SUBMIT TO THE BUREAU, INDICATING DEFECTS, AND GIVING IMPROVING SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING FOR REVIEWS OR MAGAZINES, OR PREPARING BOOKS.
- V.—TO SUPPLY TRANSLATIONS OF BOOKS AND DOCUMENTS, AND TO WRITE LETTERS AND CIRCULARS IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES; COMPOSING THE SAME WHEN DESIRED.
- VI.—TO SECURE LECTURERS FOR LYCEUMS AND ENGAGEMENTS FOR LECTURERS.
- VII.—TO PROVIDE EDITORS FOR NEWSPAPERS AND ARTICLES FOR DAILY OR PERIODICAL JOURNALS.
- VIII.—TO PROVIDE CORRESPONDENTS FOR NEWSPAPERS, ESPECIALLY FROM WASHINGTON, NEW YORK, PARIS, AND LONDON.
- IX.—TO SELECT OR PURCHASE BOOKS FOR PRIVATE PARTIES OR FOR LIBRARIES, AND TO SEARCH FOR RARE AND OLD EDITIONS.
- X.—TO PROVIDE SHORT-HAND WRITERS TO TAKE DOWN ADDRESSES, SERMONS, JUDGES' CHARGES, ETC., EITHER BEFOREHAND, FROM PRIVATE DICTATION, OR ON PUBLIC DELIVERY.

The Bureau requires a fee of One Dollar before any Commission is undertaken. The subsequent charges vary in accordance with the actual service rendered.

All Commissions should be addressed to

The American Literary Bureau,  
133 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Lecturers and Lyceums invited to put themselves in communication with the Bureau. Charge for entering name, \$1.



**PROSPECTUS**  
OF  
**SOUTHERN SOCIETY:**  
A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE,  
SOCIETY, AND ART.

Believing that the people of the South are fully convinced of the duty and importance of supporting a literature of their own, we will commence on the 1st of October, in the city of Baltimore, the publication of SOUTHERN SOCIETY. We know that a popular journal must amuse as well as instruct; an entertaining variety of reading must be presented,

"Fit for every mood of mind,  
Gay or grave, or sweet or stern."

The story, the essay, the poem, the criticism, the sketch, the anecdote—these are what people expect to find in a literary paper. With the resources at our command we will be able to offer a brilliant array of talent, unsurpassed in American Periodical Literature; wits, poets, humorists, philosophers, artists, critics, travellers—all who have anything witty, wise, clever, humorous, or interesting to say, will be welcome in SOUTHERN SOCIETY, whether they possess the "magic of a name" or not.

John Estlin Cooke, of Virginia, will commence a serial story of great dramatic power in the first number of SOUTHERN SOCIETY, the scene of which will be laid in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, in 1864.

The authoress of Emily Chester, whose wonderful talents have acquired for her an American and European reputation, will contribute poems and stories. Wm. Gilmore Simms, LL.D., will furnish articles of vital importance to the South. The authoress of Somebody's Darling will contribute poems of rare beauty and sweetness. Paul H. Hayne, whose exquisite melodies have for years been ringing through the land, will delight our readers with frequent sketches of song. The author of The Conquered Banner will contribute some of those almost inspired gems of poetry which touch every heart. Miss Emily V. Mason, of Virginia, whose noble exertions in the education of Southern ladies have made her name a household word, will write frequently. Dr. G. W. Bagby will supply some of his delicious humorous papers on a variety of topics. Mrs. Fanny Downing, of North Carolina, will write some of her most sparkling stories. William N. Nelson, whose delightful magazine sketches have been so much admired, will contribute some of his choicest productions. John R. Thompson, formerly editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, will furnish entertaining articles upon subjects of general interest. Fra. Lawrence Dureme will open his wallet and regale our readers with "many a quaint and curious" morsel "of forgotten lore." Thomas H. Wynne, of Virginia, will contribute a number of historical sketches of rare interest, illustrative of his native State.

We also expect contributions from Miss Augusta J. Evans, Albert Taylor Bledsoe, LL.D., Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Henry Timrod, Hon. A. J. Requier, Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, George Fredk. Holmes, LL.D., Henry L. Flash, Oliver P. Baldwin, Mrs. Catharine A. Wardlaw, George H. Calvert, Sidney Lanier, W. Gordon McCabe, W. H. Holcombe, Daniel B. Lucas, J. Wood Davidson, Jas. Barron Hope, and "Tenella." Other distinguished names will be shortly announced.

**BOOK REVIEWS.**—This will be a prominent department of SOUTHERN SOCIETY. The criticisms will be thorough and impartial. Volumes intended for review should be sent to the office. All books, pamphlets, and periodicals received will be acknowledged.

**EDITORIAL ESSAYS.**—These will be upon subjects social, literary, and artistic. Wm. Gilmore Simms, LL.D., and John Mitchell will be among those connected with this department.

**ART DEPARTMENT.**—This will consist of descriptions and criticisms of important works of Art, on their appearance in this country and Europe. Notes of the whereabouts and doings of artists, their announcements, and other interesting memoranda will be weekly presented.

**A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL PAPERS,** consisting of memoirs of distinguished Southern authors, artists, etc., will be a valuable feature. These will be entirely original and develop much interesting and curious research. Papers upon Edgar A. Poe, Washington Allston, and Edward C. Pinkney may be mentioned among those in preparation.

**FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.**—This will embrace sparkling literary, social, and artistic gossip from the principal European Capitals. We will also have letters from New York, New Orleans, and other American cities.

**SKETCHES OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETIES OF THE SOUTH.**—A series of Memoirs illustrative of the rise and progress of these important institutions will appear at an early period. They may be looked for with no little interest.

**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**—This will contain various interesting and of European and American writers culled from our correspondence and foreign journals.

**NOTES ON SOCIETY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA** will be especially cared for.

*Political subjects, in any and every form, will be excluded from SOUTHERN SOCIETY.*

The typographical appearance of SOUTHERN SOCIETY will not be surpassed by any journal in America. It will be printed from handsome type, made for the purpose, on beautiful book paper, quarto sheet, size 28 x 36 inches.

We will endeavor to make this journal a type of Southern Society, and we appeal to all who love the South to aid us now in establishing a worthy exponent of its culture and refinement among us. No effort on our part will be spared to reach the ideal standard, which will be constantly kept in view.

**TERMS:** \$4 per annum, \$2 50 for six months; single copies, 10 cents. In advance.

Remit, when possible, by Postal Money Orders.

All communications must be addressed to

**SOUTHERN SOCIETY,**  
Office 226 W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS AGENTS.

1867. July—December. 1867.  
THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE ROUND TABLE.

A SATURDAY REVIEW  
OF  
Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

The new volume of THE ROUND TABLE has now commenced and will extend to January 1, 1868. The conduct and character of the Journal have been so widely approved by the public and so generously endorsed by the contemporary press that it is deemed sufficient to say that the future of THE ROUND TABLE may be measurably inferred from its past; with this addition, that a progressive improvement may fairly be expected from its mercantile success and the exclusive devotion of its editors and proprietors to their fixed purpose of placing the journal at the highest attainable standard of excellence.

SCALE OF TERMS.

One copy 1 year, . . . . .	\$6 00
" " 2 years, . . . . .	10 00
" " 6 months, . . . . .	3 50
" " 1 year, clergymen and teachers, . . . . .	4 00
(No deduction for less than one year.)	
Five copies 1 year, . . . . .	22 50

ADVERTISING.

Outside pages, 25 cents per line.  
Inside pages, 20 cents per line.  
Special contracts made and liberal discounts allowed for extended time or space.  
Cards of detail sent on application to the office.

TO BOOKSELLERS, NEWS-DEALERS, AND OTHERS.

Any respectable dealer who may send the names of *Ten Subscribers*, together with \$50, shall have his business card, not exceeding twenty-five lines, inserted for three months in THE ROUND TABLE without charge.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Persons who would like to subscribe for LITTELL'S LIVING AGE (yearly, price \$1) and THE ROUND TABLE (yearly, price \$6) can receive both publications by sending \$13 to the office of either.

EXCHANGES.

Exchanges throughout the country with whom we have arranged that they, as a condition, shall print THE ROUND TABLE advertisements, are respectfully reminded of the fact, invited to copy the present one, and to send marked numbers to this office.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Losses sometimes occur in transmitting cash by post. It is earnestly requested that remittances be made by checks or by P. O. orders made payable to THE ROUND TABLE.  
Address all communications to

THE ROUND TABLE,

132 Nassau Street, New York.

To Lecture Committees.

Further engagements to Lecture may be made for this Season, for any of the following names, by application to this Bureau:  
REV. WILLIAM R. ALGER, of Boston, author of The History of the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul.  
DR. JOHN MCINTOSH, Elocutionist and Satirist.  
GEORGE WAKEMAN, Esq., author of Freaks of Literature, in Galaxy.

HON. C. EDWARDS LESTER, formerly U. S. Consul at Genoa. Subject: "Italy after Fourteen Centuries of Secession."  
PROFESSOR C. P. BRONSON. Subject: "Elocution, with Illustrations and Recitations." Dr. Bronson is well known throughout the whole United States.

FRANCIS I. LIPPITT, Brev. Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols. Subject: "The Art of War."

HON. WILLIAM L. STONE, formerly editor of Commercial Advertiser and Journal of Commerce. Subject: "The Buccaneers of America, from Morgan to Maximilian."

HENRY NICHOLS, of London. Recites from Shakespeare. Reader to the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, the Crystal Palace, London.

DR. GEORGE M. BEARD, A.M., M.D. A popular lecturer on what we eat, and drink, and breathe.

PROF. W. S. HUTCHINGS, the famous "Lightning Calculator." Subject: "New York: its Lights and Shadows, Sights and Sounds."

REV. MATTHEW HALE SMITH.

HON. HORACE GREELEY.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND. "Timothy Titcomb."

PROF. GEORGE W. GREENE, of East Greenwich, R. I., author of Historical Views of the American Revolution.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS BRACKETT, Cambridge. Subjects: "Political Ambition;" "Era of Good Feeling."

HON. CHARLES P. JOHNSON. Subject: "The Spirit and Mystery of Politics."

CAPT. EUGENE I. LEDYARD (American ex-officer of the Mexican Liberal Army). Subject: "The Broken Dream; or, The Rise and Fall of Maximilian's Empire."

Address

**The American Literary Bureau,**  
132 Nassau Street, New York.

THE GALAXY.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINING READING.

OCTOBER, 1867.

CONTENTS:

I.—STEVEN LAWRENCE, YEOMAN. By Mrs. Edwards.  
(With an illustration.)

CHAPTER XX.—A Honeymoon in Tangier.

XXI.—Coffee on the Terrace.

XXII.—The Farm Garden.

XXIII.—An Offer of Love.

II.—ON FORTUNE-HUNTING. By W. H. Whitmore.

III.—PARIS AND THE PARISIANS. By Eugene Benson.

IV.—JOHN. By Bertha S. Scrantom.

V.—THE POOR WHITES OF THE SOUTH. By E. B. Seabrook.

VI.—MEXICAN ARMIES AND GENERALS. By A. Conquest Clarke.

VII.—IN THE ENEMY'S LINES. By James Franklin Fitts.

VIII.—WAITING FOR THE VERDICT. By Rebecca Harding Davis.

CHAPTER XXX.—The Long Search.

XXXI.—After the Battle.

XXXII.—In the Hospital.

XXXIII.—Recognition.

XXXIV.—The Dawn of a New Life.

XXXV.—A Man's Choice.

IX.—AMERICAN COOKERY. By Pierre Blot.

X.—NEBULÆ. By the Editor.

Containing:

The Grand Style of Wit.

Planters and Mean Whites.

Bridget Durgin.

Our Taste for Genealogy.

THE GALAXY may be obtained from any news-dealer.

Subscription price \$3 50 a year, invariably in advance. Two copies will be sent for \$6; five copies for \$14; ten for \$25; twenty for \$50, and one to the getter-up of the club; each additional copy \$2 50.

Volumes I., II., and III. of THE GALAXY, containing the numbers from one to twenty-four, are now completed and may be obtained from any bookseller or news-dealer, or may be ordered from the proprietors. Price \$3 per volume, bound in cloth. The three bound volumes and the magazine for one year will be sent for \$11.

Subscriptions may commence at any time, but when no time is specified the numbers will be sent from the beginning of the current volume.

Subscriptions should be addressed to

**W. C. & F. P. CHURCH,**

39 Park Row, New York.

NEW SOUTHERN BOOKS.

**EDWARD J. HALE & SON,**

16 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

**THE DIARY OF A SOUTHERN REFUGEE**  
DURING THE WAR.

By A LADY OF VIRGINIA. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$2.

**DABNEY'S DEFENCE OF VIRGINIA,**

AND, THROUGH HER, OF THE SOUTH.

1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$1 50.

Mailed free of postage on receipt of price. Liberal discount to the trade and to agents.

**FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY,**

26 EXCHANGE PLACE.

Capital, . . . . \$1,000,000.

FINANCE COMMITTEE:

MOSES TAYLOR, GEORGE F. TALMAN,  
JOHN J. PHELPS, EDWARD MINTURN,  
JAMES H. BANKER, JOHN STEWARD,  
ISAAC BELL.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON ALL DEPOSITS.

TRANSFER BOOKS received upon liberal terms. Will pay Coupons and Dividends for States, Cities, and Incorporated Companies. Legal Depository for moneys paid into Court.

R. G. ROLSTON, President.

GEO. P. FITCH, Secretary.

**JAY COOKE & CO.,**

BANKERS,

Corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, New York,

Buy, Sell, and Exchange U. S. Five-Twenty Bonds, Sixes of 1881 and Ten-Forty Bonds, U. S. Pacific Railroad Sixes, Seven-Thirty Treasury Notes, Certificates of Indebtedness, Compound Interest Notes, and all other Government Securities; and execute orders for Purchase or Sale of Gold, State, and Railroad Stocks and Bonds.



# THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

156 and 158 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HENRY STOKES, President.  
J. L. HALSEY, Secretary.

C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-Pres't.  
S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.

**ANNUAL INCOME, NEARLY \$2,000,000.**

IMPORTANT NEW FEATURE IN DIVIDENDS AND MODES OF INSURANCE.

SMALLEST RATIO OF MORTALITY.

EXPENSES LESS THAN ANY ALL CASH COMPANY.

LIBERAL MODES OF PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.

ENSURERS RECEIVE THE LARGEST BONUS EVER GIVEN.

DIVIDENDS MADE ANNUALLY ON ALL PARTICIPATING POLICIES.

**NO CLAIMS UNPAID.**

All kinds of Non-forfeiting Life and Endowment Policies. Policies incontestable. Loans made on Policies.  
All Policies after three years Non-forfeitable.

The following are examples of the operations of the last dividend:

POLICIES IN 1863, ONLY FOUR YEARS AGO.

Age at Issue.	Amount Ensured.	Premium Paid.	Added to Policy.	Total Amount of Policy.
40	\$10,000	\$1,280	\$3,572	\$13,572
35	8,000	1,002	2,848	10,848
30	7,500	708	2,708	10,208
25	7,000	571	2,505	9,505

This is an entirely new plan, originating with this company, and gives insurers the largest return ever made by any company in the same period.

## NEW SCHOOL-BOOKS.

FALL BULLETIN  
OF THE  
NATIONAL SERIES OF STANDARD  
SCHOOL-BOOKS,

IN  
THREE HUNDRED VOLUMES,

COMPRISES THE BEST WORKS FOR

School, Academic, and Collegiate Instruction  
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF STUDY;  
FOR EVERY GRADE OF SCHOLARSHIP;  
FOR EVERY SECTION OF THE COUNTRY;  
FOR EVERY SHADE OF RELIGIOUS OPINION.

The Volumes of this Series are selected with the utmost care by the Publishers from the productions of the most experienced Teachers. They embrace everything to be desired by the Educator, while unobjectionable to any race, party, or sect of human beings. Their purpose is not to disseminate Doctrines but Facts. Their motto—EDUCATION, NOT PREJUDICE.

The universal popularity and circulation attained by this Series sufficiently attest the success of this endeavor to establish a truly

**NATIONAL SERIES.**

JUST PUBLISHED:

SMITH'S COMPLETE ETYMOLOGY. \$1.25. This work differs from its predecessors in this department in the attention paid derivatives from other sources than the Latin and Greek.  
WORMAN'S ELEMENTARY GERMAN GRAMMAR. \$1.50. A complete course on a new and striking plan.  
SILBER'S LATIN READER. \$1.50. Lexicon, Notes, and References to all the leading Latin Grammars.  
LORD BACON'S ESSAYS. \$1.75. Edited by J. R. Boyd. For critical reading in schools, and a standard classic for all.  
STEELE'S SIMPLIFIED CHEMISTRY. \$1.50. A fourteen weeks' course for schools which have only a term for the study. Designed to make the study popular.  
JEWELL'S GRAMMATICAL DIAGRAMS. \$1. An exhaustive explanation and defence of the diagram method of teaching English Grammar (the only true system), with additional exercises.  
MONK'S DRAWING-BOOKS. Each, 40 cents. Now ready. Studies of animals, studies of landscape. To be completed in six numbers.

Sample copies of these school-books (\* excepted) will be sent to any teacher for examination, with purpose of introduction if approved, on receipt of one-half the advertised price.

For further information consult Descriptive Catalogue (free) or Illustrated Educational Bulletin (ten cents per annum), publishers' official organ.

**A. S. BARNES & CO.,**

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS,  
111 and 113 William Street, New York.

## ACROSS THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

# THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE WESTERN HALF OF THE GREAT NATIONAL TRUNK LINE ACROSS THE CONTINENT, being constructed WITH THE AID AND SUPERVISION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, is destined to be one of the most important lines of communication in the world, as it is the sole link between the Pacific Coast and the Great Interior Basin over which the immense Overland travel must pass, and the

PRINCIPAL PORTION OF THE MAIN STEM LINE BETWEEN THE TWO OCEANS.

Its line extends from Sacramento, on the tidal waters of the Pacific, eastward across the richest and most populous parts of California, Nevada, and Utah, contiguous to all the great Mining Regions of the Far West, and will meet and connect with the roads now building east of the Rocky Mountains. About 100 miles are now built, equipped, and in running operation to the summit of the Sierra Nevada. Within a few days 35 miles, now graded, will be added, and the track carried entirely across the mountains to a point in the Great Salt Lake Valley, whence further progress will be easy and rapid. Iron, materials, and equipment are ready at hand for 300 miles of road, and 10,000 men are employed in the construction.

The local business upon the completed portion surpasses all previous estimate. The figures for the quarter ending August 31 are as follows, in GOLD:

GROSS EARNINGS.	OPERATING EXPENSES.	NET EARNINGS.
\$487,579 64;	\$86,548 47;	\$401,031 17;

or at the rate of two millions per annum, of which more than three-fourths are net profit on less than 100 miles worked. This is upon the actual, legitimate traffic of the road, with its terminus in the mountains, and with only the normal ratio of government transportation, and is exclusive of the materials carried for the further extension of the road.

The Company's interest liabilities during the same period were less than \$125,000.

Add to this an ever-expanding through traffic, and the proportions of the future business become immense.

The Company are authorized to continue their line eastward until it shall meet and connect with the roads now building east of the Rocky Mountain ranges. Assuming that they will build and control half the entire distance between San Francisco and the Missouri River, as now seems probable, the United States will have invested in the completion of 865 miles \$28,592,000, or at the average rate of \$35,000 per mile—not including an absolute grant of 10,000,000 acres of the Public Lands. By becoming a joint investor in the magnificent enterprise, and by waiving its first lien in favor of the First Mortgage Bondholders, THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT, IN EFFECT, INVITES THE CO-OPERATION OF PRIVATE CAPITALISTS, and has carefully guarded their interests against all ordinary contingencies.

The Company offer for sale, through us, their  
**First Mortgage Thirty-Year Six Per Cent. Coupon Bonds,**

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN IN NEW YORK CITY.

They are in sums of \$1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, and are selling for the present at 95 per cent, and accrued interest from July 1 added, in currency, at which rate they yield nearly

**Nine per Cent. upon the Investment.**

These Bonds, authorized by Act of Congress, are issued only as the work progresses, and to the same amount only as the Bonds granted by the Government; and represent in all cases the first lien upon a completed, equipped, and productive railroad, in which have been invested Government subsidies, stock subscriptions, donations, surplus earnings, etc., and which is worth more than three times the amount of First Mortgage Bonds which can be issued upon it.

The Central Pacific First Mortgage Bonds have all the assurances, sanctions, and guarantees of the Pacific Railroad Act of Congress, and have in addition several noticeable advantages over all other classes of railroad bonds:

First. They are the superior claim upon altogether the most vital and valuable portion of the through line.

Second. Beside the fullest benefit of the Government subsidy (which is a subordinate lien), the road receives the benefit of large donations from California.

Third. Fully half the whole cost of grading 800 miles eastward of San Francisco is concentrated upon the 150 miles now about completed.

Fourth. A local business already yielding three-fold the annual interest liabilities, with advantageous rates, payable in coin.

Fifth. The principal as well as the interest of its Bonds being payable in coin, upon a legally binding agreement.

Having carefully investigated the resources and prospects of the Road and the management of the Company's affairs, we cordially recommend these Bonds to Trustees, Executors, Institutions, and others as an eminently sound, reliable, and remunerative form of permanent investment.

CONVERSIONS OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES INTO  
**Central Pacific First Mortgage Bonds**

now realize for the holders from

**TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN PER CENT. ADVANTAGE, WITH THE SAME RATE OF INTEREST.**

For sale by recognized Agencies among the Banking Institutions of the country. Pamphlets and Maps can be obtained at the Office of the Company, 54 William Street, New York, and of

**FISK & HATCH,**

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES AND FINANCIAL AGENTS OF THE C. P. R. R. CO.,

5 Nassau Street, New York.